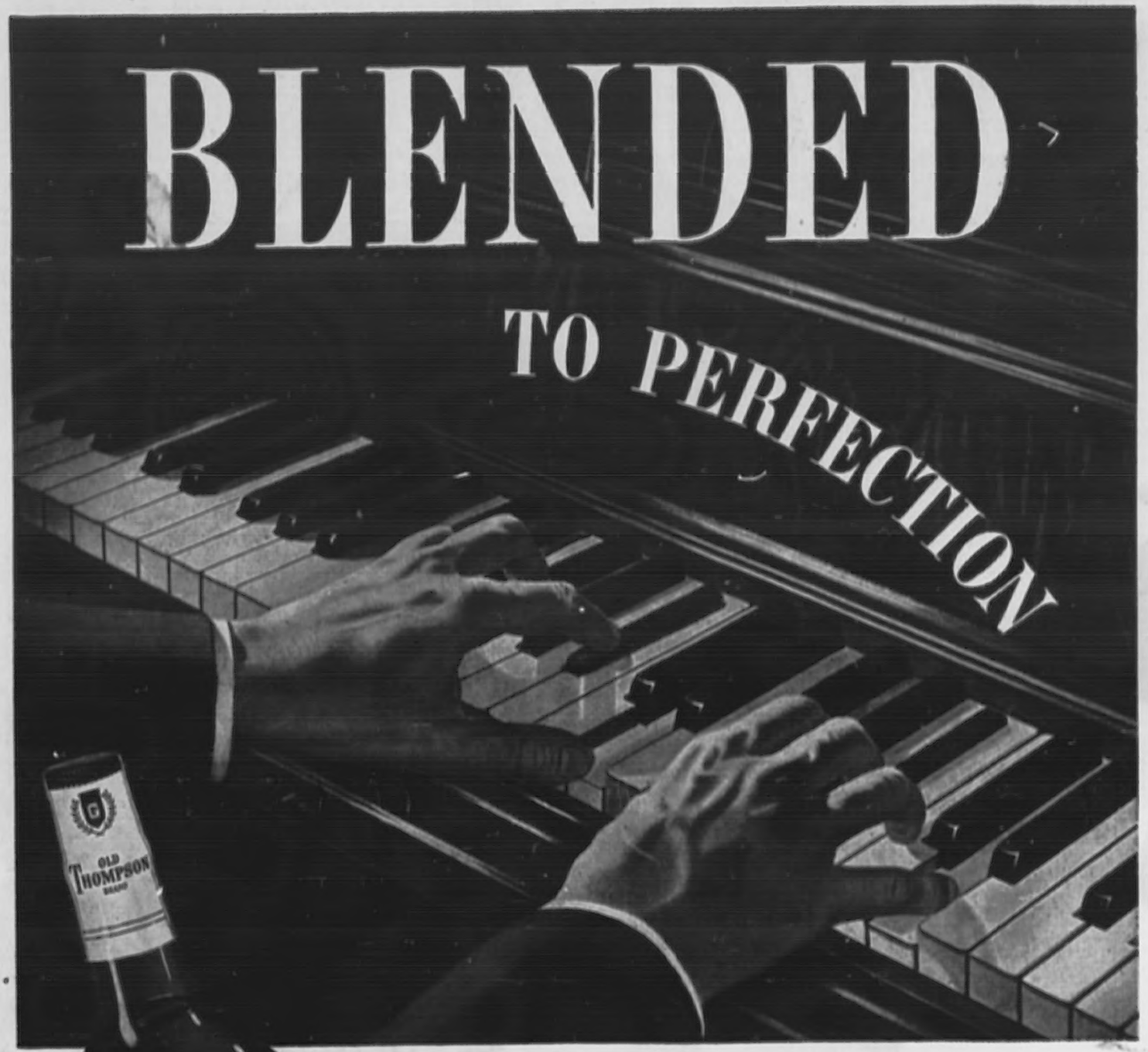
JAN. 19, 1946 10c

Liberty

Book: Ploughman of the Moon
The Story of Robert W. Service

BOOM IN DIVORCES
By Amram Scheinfeld

BLENDED TO PERFECTION



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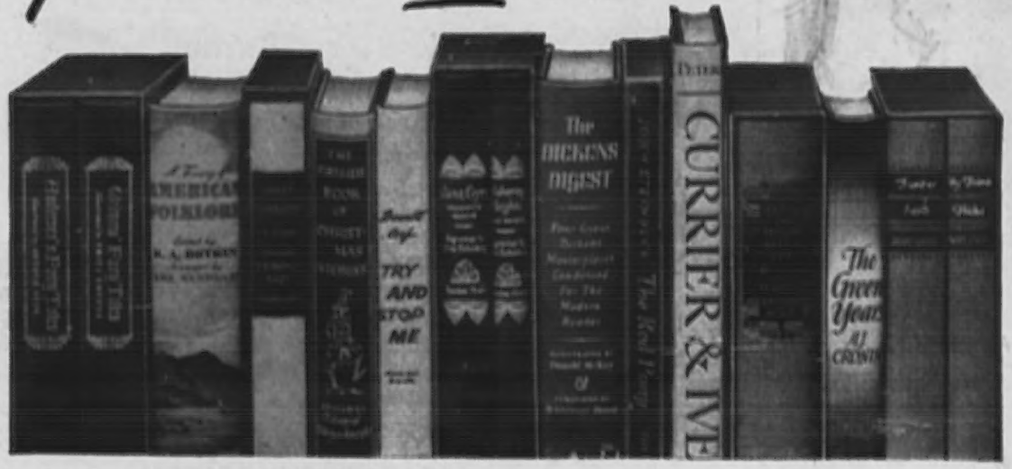

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VOX POP

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CUT THE MILITARISM

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—A single unalterable fact dwarfs the arguments there once were both for and against forcing proficiency in arms upon our youth: unless we henceforth remain at peace, mankind is doomed to mutual extinction, regardless of our strength or weakness. Plainly, then, compelling boys to learn the rudiments of warfare would not help civilization survive.

The plight of millions throughout Europe and Asia, who can escape starvation only if we ship them food, presents an opportunity to proselytize for universal peace. Certainly our feeding them would give us the right to speak for their sake as well as our own. To receive relief, nations would have to outlaw conscription. The

same standard should govern our granting of foreign loans and credits. Never again should we contribute to any country's war-waging potentiality.

It would be more logical to utilize this chance to promote our ideals of peace and freedom abroad than to entrench militarism here.—*Samuel Michaelson.*

POSTMAN, PICK UP YOUR HEELS

MANILA, P. I.—This is to let you know that the December 30, 1944, issue of your magazine was placed on sale at our Post Exchange yesterday. Thank you for keeping up our morale, even if it is in an antiquated sort of way. We hope it won't be another six months until the January 5, 1945, issue arrives. Any day now we expect to learn that the war is over so that we can be sent home. —*S/Sgt. Irwin Bayer and Company.*

FROSTBITE CURES

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Fred Cooper marks on his December Almanac cover under the fourth day of the month:

"Treat frost-nipped hands & feet first by rubbing . . ." The official Red Cross First Aid textbook says of frostbite treatment: "The experience of many Arctic explorers has demonstrated clearly that rubbing after freezing has taken place is *not* the proper treatment."

I'd like to know who is right, and what is the proper treatment?—*R. Guttentag.*

You'll find all the answers in next week's Liberty in an up-to-date article on the subject—They've Taken the "Bite" Out of Frostbite, by Albert Q. Maisel.—VOX POP EDITOR.

TEND TO THE KNITTING

VERSAILLES, MO.—The bobby-soxer blossoming on the December 15 cover is a smart chick if she can knit a green-and-yellow sock with one ball of yellow yarn on two needles held at such a rakish angle. But then,

she's so cute she can get away with anything. Artist Del Holcomb, as an authority on knitting, is a good girl-picker. And maybe I'd better tend to my own knitting—*Sarah F. Halliburton.*

GEOGRAPHY LESSON

CHARLESTON, S. C.—It always surprises me to see what great lengths some people will go in Vox Pop, even to criticize a fiction story written purely for entertainment. I was particularly interested in B. T. Teutschman's criticism of a picture of a gate vessel in The Camera Eye (Vox Pop, November 24). He said he was stationed at the Net Depot on Terminal Island, Long Beach, California. The Net Depot may be on Terminal Island, but Terminal Island is a receiving station in San Francisco Bay, some 500 or 600 miles north of Long Beach.

It seems to me that a man should at least be sure of where he is before he is so quick to criticize the work of others. Teutschman should get himself a map.—*William E. Taylor, A.M.M. 2/c.*

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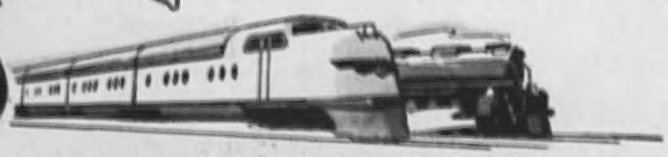

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

EXPERT ON LATIN AMERICA

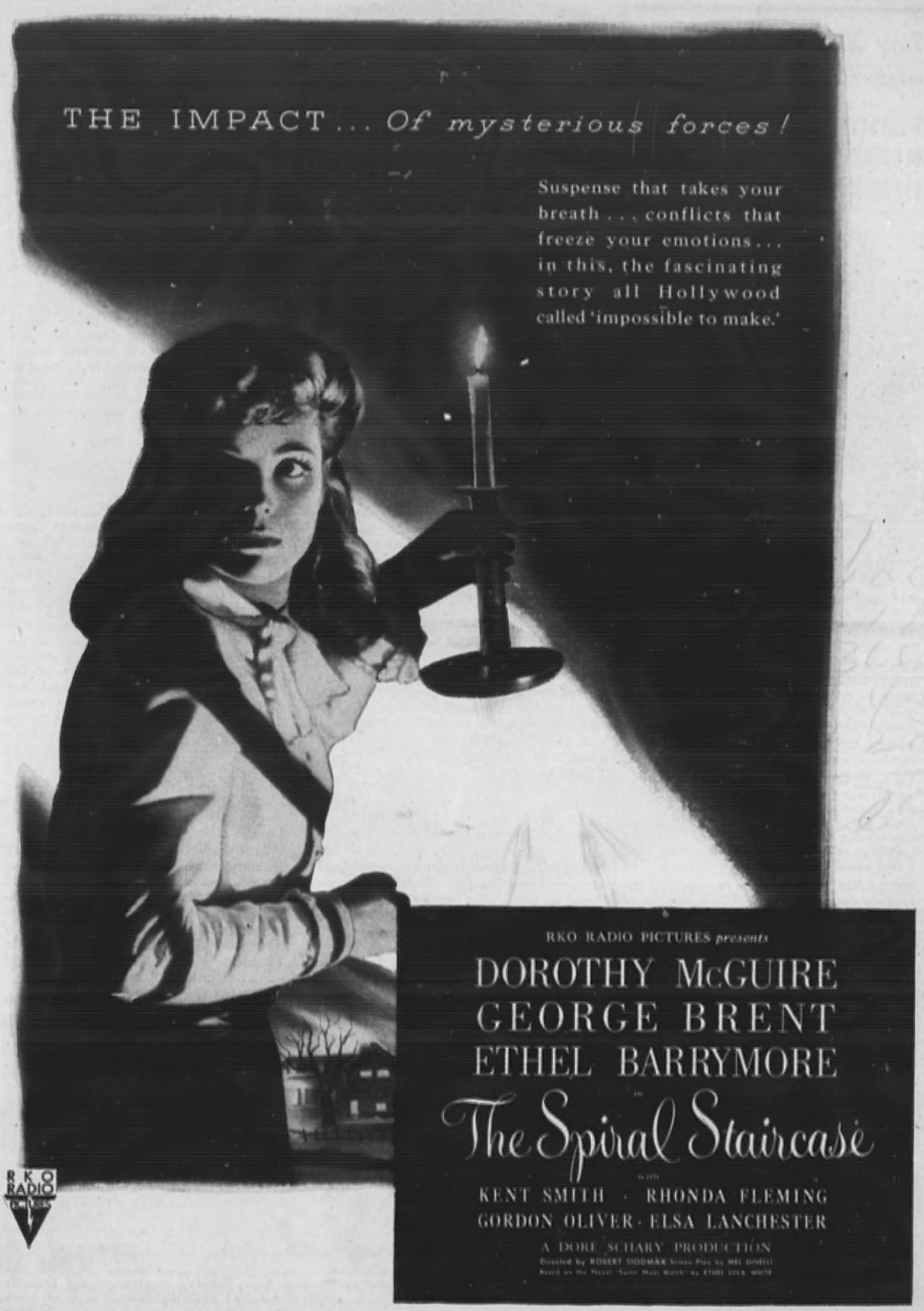
PROBABLY nobody is better qualified than T. R. Ybarra to analyze WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST IN LATIN AMERICA (see page 18). Half-Venezuelan himself, he spent a good part of his youth there, which he told about in his best seller, Young Man of Caracas. For many years he's been writing and lecturing on foreign lands, concentrating largely on the Latin-American republics. Just a few months ago he returned from his latest visit south of the border, where he collected firsthand, up-to-date facts and figures on that important trio, the ABC nations—Argentina, Brazil and Chile.

TARKINGTON'S POSTWAR PHILOSOPHY

SINCE the end of the war, Booth Tarkington has been bothered by people who figure that things couldn't be worse, so they might as well "eat, drink, and be merry." That's the underlying theme of SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK, his two-part story which starts in this week's issue. Right now, fiction's not his main interest, though. He's currently thinking and writing about the vast implications attendant on the splitting of the atom. It is now a simple matter of human survival, he believes, that the United Nations Organization be endowed with the trust of atomic energy. Since small nations, and even small groups, can now threaten the safety of the world, large nations must abandon the notion that numerical preparedness leads to anything but war.

NEXT WEEK

ARE TEEN-AGE GERMANS STILL HITLER'S CHILDREN? History alone will give the final answer. But this report by Lewis F. Gittler, who's talked with hundreds of German kids, presents some startling facts on what they're thinking today. . . . Because of an accidental application of an old drug, the dread fingers of subzero temperatures need no longer cripple those exposed to them. Albert Q. Maisel tells you how THEY'VE TAKEN THE "BITE" OUT OF FROSTBITE. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, THREE O'CLOCK DINNER, by Josephine Pinckney, is a wise and witty novel of fashionable Charleston society and of women in love.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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Red tape, red flares, Red internment of U. S. airmen—How soon will Moscow realize the airplane is no longer just a war weapon?

Berlin.

IT is hard for American airmen to keep from exploding verbally at the obstacles the Russians have been placing against our flying over Russian-occupied territory. In fact, many an American airman has "blown up" and felt ready to start a one-man war against Russia.

There is no use in minimizing the troubles we've been having. Even though we are progressing slowly but steadily toward an understanding with Russia on aviation matters and the Russians are becoming more and more open-minded, it still requires patience and tact to understand the complex ways they have of doing things.

I know of three American aircraft which got lost flying to Berlin and ended up in Russian territory, nearly out of gas and forced to land. All three were flying over the overcast, and in the absence of adequate air navigation aids it isn't too difficult to get lost. Not one of the pilots wants to go through his experiences again, however.

Two U. S. airmen flying a light L-4 plane got lost and landed at a Russian airfield sixty miles south of Berlin. Men and plane were interned by the Russians, the men locked up in a room in a farmhouse and held incommunicado. The Russians promised to notify Berlin, but either they failed to do so or communications were unduly slow.

The two airmen had been there twelve days (and the U. S. Army had declared them missing and presumed dead and their families had been so notified) when a B-17 Flying Fortress, completely unarmed, became lost en route to Berlin and landed at the same airport. (Three Russian A-20 attack bombers picked up the Fort in the area and "escorted" it to the airfield.)

The B-17's pilot and crew were interned in the same farmhouse. In due course the pilot learned about the other two airmen and persuaded the Russians to let them fly on to Berlin, but he himself and his crew were kept locked up. The two airmen finally reached Berlin, fourteen days late, and notified Army headquarters of the fate of the B-17 crew. After the crew had been interned five days the Russians released them upon representations from Berlin headquarters. All were suffering from malnutrition, lack of water, etc.

How many Americans are currently interned somewhere in Russian zones, there is no knowing. But it is known that sixty American aircraft were reported missing in the European Theater of Operations during October, 1945, of which ten were subsequently accounted for. Some of the remainder undoubtedly crashed, but others are believed to have come down in Russian territory. It is an amazing and an extremely disturbing situation, for it is inconceivable that a Russian pilot who was forced down in American territory would get anything but the finest treatment and immediate communication with his base.

Another Russian practice, more irksome than serious, is the shooting up of red flares at American and British aircraft flying off the approved corridors. Your On the Beam editor was in a C-47 of the Air Transport Command, flying back to Frankfurt from Berlin, when red

(*Continued on page 13*)

U.S.A.A.F. PHOTO FROM ACME

Far from distrusting Americans as Moscow does, Russia's servicemen are friendly. Here are two of them with a U. S. corporal (center) beaming upon a copy of Yank.

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(*Continued from page 10*)

flares were shot from the ground because the pilot, who could not see through the overcast and had to fly without benefit of a radio range, was a few miles north of the ten-mile-wide corridor between Berlin and Magdeburg. There have been reports that the Russians were actually shooting at American planes, but these reports could not be confirmed and probably resulted from the use of flares.

The Russians protested to the Americans and British that there had been more than 700 violations of flying over Russian territory in a recent two-month period. Such a protest is ample evidence that they jealously guard all territory which they control.

Another irksome practice is the Russian demand that each American transport plane flying to Budapest, Bucharest, and a few other points in Russian-influenced areas, must file applications two weeks in advance, giving details of the aircraft, names and histories of each crew member and passenger. If weather prevents completion of the flight on the particular day for which approval is given, then the red tape must be followed through all over again.

THINKING Americans in Germany don't get unduly exercised at the Russian attitude. They try to understand it. Control in Russia is centralized in Moscow. Only Moscow can give an answer. The men in the field are given orders and must follow them rigidly.

Russia has been suspicious of the western powers for twenty-five years, and with the best of reasons. She never got anything but the bitterest sort of publicity until she became a defender against German aggression.

Russia is decades behind the United States in industrial and social development; is in that "rough and ready" stage in which our country found itself more than a century ago. Americans shocked at what Russians do can read the history books and find that the same things once went on in the United States.

But the chief specific explanation of the aviation incidents is that the Russian air force is under the stern thumbs of the Russian ground forces, which haven't the faintest conception of peacetime civil aviation; all they know is the airplane as a deadly weapon. Russian airmen know the problems and, by and large, have been co-operative and helpful.

It is too easy to jump at a conclusion that the Russians are anti-American. The truth is, they are basically very friendly to Americans and are endeavoring to understand our civil aviation procedures. Despite the numerous "incidents," the long-range outlook for Russo-American civil aviation is good.

It wasn't so long ago that our own Army Air Forces was under the thumb of the ground forces, too.

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The Coming Boom in Divorces

Our divorce rate is already the highest in the world. This year an appalling number of wartime marriages will crack up—and send it higher than ever. Can't we do anything to stop it? A noted expert gives his answer

by

AMRAM SCHEINFELD

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

Her father's divorce action is a shattering experience for this teen-age girl.

A FEW months ago, on his triumphal return from overseas, there were newspaper pictures of a much decorated G.I. with his pretty wife and the baby that was born in his absence. You may have thought, What a lucky guy! But there was a cloud over his home. Recently he sued for divorce, charging his wife with unfaithfulness during his absence.

It is a familiar story, being repeated all over the country. For other reasons, too, appalling numbers of servicemen's marriages are smashing up; and among civilians as well, abnormal social and economic conditions are wrecking many marriages. Reno and other divorce mills are off on a record boom, applications for divorce or annulment are flooding into the courts of New York and other cities, and *authorities predict for 1946 an all-time high of one divorce to every three, and possibly every two marriages.*

There is nothing unforeseen about this. War leaves behind many social time bombs, set to explode months or years later. Marital smash-ups are among the inevitable results. After World War I, for instance, it was estimated that at least half of the wartime marriages in the United States subsequently ended in divorce. Because World War II was much longer in duration and affected many more marriages (almost half the men in service being married), the situation threatens to be even more ominous.

Can anything be done to stop the divorce trend? Unfortunately, the problem can't be handled by legislation or by broad-scale programs. It is largely one for individual couples and their families. Nevertheless, if the causes of postwar divorce are made clear, if the threats and difficulties are anticipated, many teetering couples may be able to save their marriages.

Taking first the "quickie" unions between impetuous G.I.s and bobby-soxers, it was plain to anyone that many of these began on shaky ground. Then follow the lopsided marriages of obviously mismated couples (statistics showing, for instance, a sharp increase of unions of young men to women much older); the callow youths rushed to the altar by girls fearful of remaining spinsters; the "allotment" marriages, of unscrupulous women to soldiers whose monthly checks they sought; the cocktail marriages; the shotgun marriages; many of the overseas marriages, where there were wide disparities in viewpoint and background. And so on. All of these di-

(*Continued on page 87*)

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

In the concrete at Grauman's Chinese, the schnozzle makes its mark.

As in the past, from the days of Clayton, Jackson, right up to his current teaming with "that's-my-boy-who-said-that" Garry Moore on the radio, a right combination brought Jimmy to the peak of his talents. Teaming him in films with José Iturbi and Lauritz Melchior highlights his gifts as a comedian; pairing him with youngsters like June Allyson and little Margaret O'Brien emphasizes his warm, sentimental nature.

Jimmy first began turning a caricature into an institution and a fortune when Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson poked fun at his oversize proboscis in Club Durant days. Actually, Jimmy's nose is no more prominent than thousands of other noses. He gets it from his mother, who came from Salerno, Italy, and who was a devout Catholic.

Inherently, he is one of the cleanest-minded performers in show business. He fine-tooth-combs his script for any word or phrase that may have an off-color tinge. Durante-isms—"Dat's da conditions dat prevail," "Dere's a million good-lookin'

The Man Behind the Nose

THERE'S no denying Jimmy Durante's nose, but for the first time in all his years as a performer it has become incidental, not pertinent, to his work. In all his twenty-three pictures since 1929, Hollywood had never been able to find the man behind the nose. Then Producer Joe Pasternak, profiting by the mistakes of others, exposed the warm, deeply human undercurrent that characterizes Durante.

Jimmy's changed status is perhaps best summed up by quoting a conversation he had recently with a fellow traveler on a transcontinental train. "I never liked you before," his new acquaintance said bluntly. "You can't say that, stranger," Jimmy challenged. "You mean you didn't like my work. *You just didn't know me.*"

Actually, picture producers, failing to see Jimmy the man, were trying to translate Jimmy the nose to the screen.

Part of the responsibility for this oversight is Durante's, for once his schnozzola became the cornerstone of his hilarity, Jimmy didn't permit anyone to overlook it for long. He even copyrighted the term "schnozzle," and once insured his nose for $100,000.

Jimmy was having his most successful year in a decade on radio and at Manhattan's Copacabana when Sam Katz, bigwig of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, seeking material for Pasternak, *discovered* him for the skeenteenth time.

Durante and two of his loves: the piano and kids like Margaret O'Brien.

Garry Moore and Danny Kaye give the famous proboscis a clinical going over.

Jimmy Durante steps out from behind the famous schnozzola to make a comeback in pictures that proves what his fans have always contended—he's one comedian who could play Hamlet

BY KITTY CALLAHAN

guys, but I'm a novelty"—became the *bons mots* of tots and teen-agers.

His comedy, compounded of frustration and self-victimization as he enmeshes himself in mispronunciation, strikes a vibrant chord in the young. At the same time his keen sense of the ludicrous cuts through the armadillo shell of sophisticates. Even London high-hats, prone to criticize, in 1936 succumbed to Jimmy's "hot-chaz," his constant reference to his nose, and his tossing of props into the orchestra pit.

Durante's verbal mayhem is not premeditated. It is his own lingual idiosyncrasy that words of more than two syllables simply come out of his mouth with syllables added or syllables dropped. His radio writers, Leo Solomon and Alan Woods, know how to get the most from Jimmy's peculiar phonetics and scatter tongue twisters through his script.

At rehearsal, Jimmy studies the script. Bumping into an unfamiliar word, *acoustics*, he asks someone to pronounce it. He repeats it, pencils out *acoustics* and writes in "*a-koo-sticks.*" Or he jumps to the opposite extreme. *Laboratory* turns up in a script, and someone, ribbing Jimmy, says, "Some people pronounce it "labor'atory."

"Lab'ratory," Jimmy, who hates the pompous, insists. On the air he says "labor'atory." Then, taking the audience into his conspiracy, he says in a confidential aside, "They thought I couldn't say it!"

If a word cannot be readily broken down into phonetics, he may pencil out the whole works, as he did on one command performance when *volatile* tripped him up. It was the key word for Bob Hope's gag and omitting it left Hope out on a limb. There are instances when his own slip has proved better than the original coinage, as when *Tempus fugit*, came out "Tempus fidgets."

Jimmy signed off his formal education in the seventh grade at New York's P.S. No. 114, and he is unalterably opposed to being anything other than a product of Manhattan's lower East Side. His boyhood was typical of the neighborhood around Catharine and Henry streets, "where there's a thousand kids to the block," and "It was an epic when you seen a piano hoisted up through somebody's window, like a guy goin' to college."

The Durantes were epoch-makers. Not only did they have a piano upon which Jimmy practiced assiduously, but they had a Swiss music box which had been in the family for

(Continued on page 83)

June Allyson helps to adorn Jimmy's latest—Two Sisters from Boston.

What We're

BLACK STAR PHOTO

Rio de Janeiro, metropolis of a friendly Brazil which is bigger than the U. S.

IF you understand Argentina, Brazil, and Chile—the ABC nations of Latin America—you understand the relations between this country and all Latin-American countries. Each typifies one of the three groups into which all Latin-American nations fall. These groups are:

1. Latin-American nations *basically unfriendly* to the United States.
2. Latin-American nations *basically friendly* to the United States.
3. Latin-American nations which *oscillate between unfriendliness and friendliness* to the United States.

Argentina belongs in the first class, Brazil in the second, and Chile in the third.

In Argentina, anti-Americanism goes deep. It has been for years a sinister ground swell in relations between Americans and Argentines. Part of this disfavor is still caused by that long-standing grievance, the exclusion of Argentine beef from the U. S. market. Our official excuse for this is hoof-and-mouth disease among Argentine livestock. The exclusion and the excuse for it provide Argentines with a double-barreled reason for denunciation of the United States: the first hurts their pockets and the second hurts their pride—and pride is the thing the Argentines have got most of. Among them, the impression is widespread that the hoof-and-mouth accusation is just a pretext, and they point with much heat to the fact that Britain, which can scarcely be called careless in such matters, imports beef from Argentina in huge quantities with-

Let's face it. Uncle Sam wouldn't win a popularity contest among many of his good neighbors. A careful observer makes a candid report on what they think of us south of the border

BY T. R. YBARRA

ACME PHOTO

The Inter-American Defense Board brought Chile into closer accord with us.

Up Against in Latin America

out any noticeable detriment to British health.

Some people in the United States bluntly reply that this country has herds of livestock of its own and cannot allow the competition of foreign beef; while less outspoken Americans insist that, no matter what Argentines or Britons may say, hoof-and-mouth disease in Argentina is serious enough to justify our exclusion of Argentine beef. Meantime, Argentine anti-Americanism thrives on the controversy.

ANOTHER cause of this anti-Americanism is jealousy of our great size and power. These automatically give us first place throughout the Americas, instead of just in the northern part of this hemisphere, thus preventing Argentina from becoming preponderant in the southern part. The Argentines also are jealous of their big neighbor Brazil and of our attitude toward the Brazilians. They reflect sourly that, despite their being superior in every way to the Brazilians—that is, in their own estimation — they can never seem as important to the rest of the world as Brazil because of the enormous size and population of that republic. This gloomy attitude, coupled with the prevailing friendliness between Brazilians and Americans, adds fuel to Argentine animosity toward this country.

Still another cause of animosity is the belief, still held by some Argentineans, that the United States may some day resort to "Big Stick" brands of violence as a means of penetration, or even of actual conquest of Latin America. Although most Latin Americans no longer think that way, since the war taught them where to look for aggression, many Argentines are still afraid, or profess to be, of the imperialistic leanings of the "Colossus of the North."

There also is the strong European slant of the Latin-American mind, nowhere else as marked as it is among the Argentines. Europe is the continent of the Argentines' sympathies and of their dreams. They "click" with Europeans, and especially with the French, much better than they do with Americans. To the average Argentine, France is the Goddess of Culture and Paris is her prophet. When people in the United States asked me, during the war, what the Argentines were doing, I used to reply: "Standing in line waiting for Paris to open."

While an economic factor plays a role in Argentina's unfriendliness toward this country, economics helps to make Brazil our friend. For one thing, we buy most of Brazil's immense coffee crop, to the satisfaction of American palates and the enrichment of Brazilian bank accounts. Another reason for Brazilian-U. S. good relations is geographic. For many years Brazilians worried because their eastern coast was nearer the western coast of Africa than was any other part of the Americas; and when there seemed to be danger of an Axis invasion of South America from Dakar on the West African coast, they took comfort from the great power of the United States, which they felt could prevent any such invasion.

Brazilian partiality toward the United States gets a boost, too, because both nations are so vast in land area. Brazil, in fact, is larger than the United States, if Alaska is excluded, and three times as big as its nearest competitor in size in Latin America—Argentina. It also has twice as many inhabitants as Mexico, its nearest Latin-American competitor in population.

"Huge nations like yours and ours," Brazilians tell Americans, "acquire a special sort of mentality and a special outlook on international matters which are alien to smaller and less populous nations. Therefore Brazilians think the way Americans do. And we big nations must stick together."

World War II also helped foster Brazilian-American good will through the comradeship which sprang up in Europe between G.I.s and Brazilian soldiers. The latter are generous in their praise of the Americans by whose side they have fought. They liked American camaraderie and efficiency and courage; our food and fairness and friendliness. And on Italian battlefields the United States made a better friend of a nation which was already a good friend.

CHILE, Pacific coast member of the ABC trio, has blown hot and cold in her relations with the United States. The general attitude of the Chileans toward us may be described as lukewarm approval; they are not cordial enough to be classed as friends, nor hostile enough to be classed as foes. Occasionally, in the past, Chilean-American relations have gone through crises of bad feeling. Just now, however, they are on a welcome plane of near friendliness, largely because of the war.

Just as the Brazilians, on South America's Atlantic coast, were worried over possible invasion by the Nazis from the east, the Chileans were jittery at the thought of possible Japanese aggression from the Pacific. And, as in the case of the Brazilians, this wartime apprehension made many of them look with favor on the tremendous and growing power of the United States.

The recent visit of President Rios of Chile to this country may do a lot of good for Chilean-American relations. However, like a number of her sister nations in Latin America, Chile is subject to sudden spasms of mild anti-Americanism which run their course, like measles or colds. For instance, on a recent visit to Chile, Chileans reminded this writer that, though they strongly disap-

(*Continued on page 85*)

PRESS ASSN. PHOTO

Argentine students demonstrate for democracy—but not necessarily our kind.

Shoppers' Heaven

Here's a shopping center based on a 1620 idea but as streamlined as a Buck Rogers' space ship. It's a housewife's dream, for it saves her time and her temper. With the cash registers clicking off six million a year, the merchants like it, too

BY BERNARD J. BIRNBAUM

AMERICA began as one village. Main Street in Plymouth in the 1620s consisted of one shoemaker, one draper, one miller, one victualer. Over the draper lived the doctor. Back of the shoemaker the smith had his forge. All this was a boon to the Pilgrim housewife with a shopping list, for she could buy in the most efficient, economical, time-and-labor-saving shopping center in history: the village street.

Someone has said it takes more vision to back a car than to drive it forward. Add the fact that the man who is backing is usually a minority of one, and you have the reason why, forty years ago, a nineteen-year-old boy with a new idea that was really an old one left the Columbia School of Architecture because, his professors said, you can't turn the clock back. The village is gone, they insisted. Main Street stretches from New York to Los Angeles. That's America. Big and rather magnificent, they said.

But Fred Dreher, helping his mother in the hard struggle to survive, after his father's death, wondered about the other America—the America of forty million housewives with shopping bags, marketing lists, and a budget. Fred knew that back of his mother's budget was a budget of time. If you were smart you could get the most for your money. But where could you get the most for your time? That's what set Fred thinking in 1906.

Today, just outside Philadelphia, in Ardmore, you can see Fred Dreher's village street. But because this is the twentieth century he calls it Suburban Square. Since 1927, thirty-five million people have patronized it, confident they can find toothpicks, Oriental rugs, Japanese-beetle spray, or a prepared chicken dinner to take home. Newcomers—usually weary refugees from the city—exploring the Square's compact shops, strategically placed office building and theater, and wide parking areas, all on a nine-acre plot, are apt to say, "This is shoppers' heaven! Who dreamed it up?"

If you put their question to soft-spoken, white-haired Frederick W. Dreher, the man who knows more about the Square than anyone else, he answers that nothing, including a model shopping center, is just dreamed up. And Fred Dreher should know. For not only is he the architect of the Square and its present manager, but he is also president and general manager of the Suburban Company (the concern that controls its policies) and, according to bankers, tenants, and others in the know, the man whose vision really makes the Square tick. More than $6,000,000 was rung up in the cash registers of its thirty-six independent merchants in a single year. If you asked the housewives who shop there what they got for their money, the replies would vary, but on two items they would agree: time and—this in heartfelt tones—comfort!

Yet, despite the Square's present success, Dreher usually can be found hard at work over a drawing board in his office on the eighth floor of the Square's Times-Medical Building, making future plans for his company, or in the store or office of one of his tenants, discussing a business problem. The "boss" of the $5,000,000 project usually gets to work by 7 A. M., long before its stores and offices open. He often carries his lunch, for he says, "Even though I do pretty well today, I haven't forgotten the yesterdays."

If you should ask Mr. Dreher about the yesterdays, he'd tell you he's always had to fight. Sometimes it was with the boys around the Fulton Street Fish Market in New York's lower East Side, where he was born; sometimes it was a struggle to get an education; and sometimes he fought against public opinion and set habits. So far, he's won most of his battles.

He was forced to leave school at twelve. Forty-six years later you find him in a job requiring a banker's financial know-how, an architect's technical knowledge and skill, the diplomacy of a woman's club chairman, and the foresight of a Farmer's Almanac. He quit school when his

Hardware, furniture, and a permanent wave—all within a few steps.

Suburban Square, streamlined shopping center in Ardmore, Pa., draws customers from thirty miles away.

father died and his mother and sister needed help running a boarding-house. Later he went to night school, then at seventeen to Columbia's School of Architecture. To pay his tuition, he worked as a shipping clerk, then as a bank clerk. He liked college, but he didn't like the study of the aesthetic side of architecture. The drawings he submitted utilized every inch of space in a structure. Their beauty lay in their simplicity. The professors said that sort of thing was past.

SO Fred left Columbia after two and one half years and went to work as a draftsman. In the office of an architect he learned his trade. His firm was interested in his ideas and set him to designing office and store buildings. Before he was out of his twenties he had become a registered architect. At thirty, he was already in business for himself. In the meantime he married his childhood sweetheart. A wife, he believes, is essential to a good architect.

"Not only because mine was my first stenographer," he explained, "but because she's a woman. Nobody but a woman can design a woman's kitchen. I learned about kitchens from my wife."

In 1927 a syndicate asked him to submit preliminary plans for a shopping center. Here, after twenty-one years, was his chance. A shopping center—his village street. His drawings were accepted. And so it was that Frederick Dreher received his first big contract, ran immediately into his greatest problem, and thereby acquired his lifework.

His first battle was with the people of the Main Line residential town of Ardmore. When the residents learned that a large business section was going to be erected in their midst, they were outraged. However, under township law, neither the building code nor the zoning commission could refuse the building permit.

This got the Square off to a bad start. People made gloomy predictions, but as shop after shop opened, their attitude changed. Surprisingly, the buildings were attractive. The plan was convenient, one had to admit. A dozen eggs, a bag of grass seed, the baby's shoes—and all in ten minutes. Today the people of Ardmore are proud of Suburban Square. It began with three shops; they've watched it grow to thirty-six shops, a four-story branch department store, an eight-story office building, and a theater seating 800.

"If the Square had had only the people of Ardmore to win over," Dreher said, "perhaps that wouldn't have been so bad. But, like the rest of the country, it also had a depression to face and go through."

In the shock of business panic, the syndicate collapsed. The banks took over the Square. Fred Dreher, with the dream of a lifetime at stake, argued that it ought to be run by a man who still believed in its future and not by some disinterested appointee of the banks. He tried to show the bankers that in his experience as an architect he had also learned how to manage property. They were unmoved. Finally, in desperation, he promised he could save money on repairs.

"That did it," Dreher says. "All

(*Continued on page 75*)

Pity Handicaps the Handicapped

In spite of wheel chairs, crutches, braces, canes, the greatest handicap of the cripple is still the attitude of other people. A courageous woman who has surmounted a lifetime handicap makes an impassioned plea for understanding

BY ESTHER CATHY

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Handless but hard to beat, he still asks and expects no favors.

I AM a cripple. Write the word boldly. I no longer am afraid of it, though it is a word many people whisper. I have learned to live with it, as thousands of veterans have yet to learn. I know that I am, within myself, just what I would have been had I not had infantile paralysis so many years ago. That knowledge has made me fight, as others now must fight, to show the world that cripples are people.

Why do we not hear more about the problems of handicapped people from those who are affected? Many writers and successful business men are crippled; they rarely mention the fact. The soldier hates to talk about disabilities suffered in battle. Except for a brief but wonderful sonnet, even Milton never had much to say about his blindness. Is it because we know, those of us who are afflicted, that we will be regarded as even more strange and different by a world looking for strangeness in people whose bodies are different?

Yet what the articulate among us can say about our condition may help the inarticulate to be better understood. If everybody could meet the reality of physical handicap face to face, seeing it for what it is—*and no more*—the lives of cripples could be adjusted to success and happiness.

The time has come for someone like me, who has had the experience of a lifetime in meeting the problems our crippled veterans now face, to speak out. It is not enough for them to feel the wave of sentimental pity that washes over them today. *Now*, when these men who lost legs, arms, hands, eyes in defense of their country are struggling to live like human beings, is when they must be understood by their families, their friends, their employers, even by the casual passer-by in the street! Now, too, they must learn to understand themselves.

I am not bitter, but sometimes I have to count to ten to hold back angry words provoked by thoughtless acts, looks, sometimes just tone of voice directed at cripples. *If only everyone knew how little we like to be set apart as special beings!*

Cripples want no special favors, given as favors. What they want is the chance to pit themselves against all comers in those fields which they are fitted to invade. Few will attempt work which taxes their physical capacities. All will resent being barred from the kinds of jobs which require mental powers or physical skills involving unaffected parts of their bodies.

I spent years breaking down the door to the teaching profession, although I had come through my training period with the top of my class. Because I was a cripple, I was thought to be less capable of taking my place in education than other women whose bodies were whole but whose minds were no better, or even inferior to my own. Is this what our wounded ex-servicemen face? Or can we ease their way by understanding?

The feeling of most people toward the handicapped is either one of pity or confusion. Pity which expresses itself, as you pass them in the street, in remarks like: "Isn't that sad?" or "Too bad. We ought to be thankful . . ." Why do such people make the mistake of thinking cripples also are deaf? Overhearing such remarks hardly boosts our morale. And ignorance assumes that because we limp we are unwilling to take a few steps to perform a task. "Don't hire a cripple—the job might be too much for him." It might. But why not *find out?*

What the cripple wants more than anything else is to be treated like everybody else. To hold down a man-sized job, to take part in social and political life—and *feel* as unhandicapped as he is allowed to feel. His limbs may be lost, but that doesn't mean his mental faculties are at kindergarten level.

Braces and crutches obstruct the cripple's effort to live a happy, useful life, but they are by no means his greatest handicap. He must overcome first the strangeness others feel in his presence.

I was born a healthy baby, but before my first birthday I had infantile paralysis. My left arm and both feet were badly affected. I was almost four when, with the aid of braces, I began to take a few steps alone.

Since then I have had seven sessions in hospitals, one lasting ten

(*Continued on page 78*)

The Camera Eye

WIDE WORLD

ONE OF THE SEASON'S LOVELIER CUT-UPS—Esther Williams, swimming star and movie actress, performs the classic rites with her wedding cake after her marriage to Ben Gage, former radio announcer. Only twenty-four hours earlier, he was in the Army.

ACME

"OVERLOADING VOIDS THE WARRANTY"—These are due to be famous last words for this ill-fated jeep at the American Legion convention in Chicago. Weighting list: Wrestler Man Mountain Dean, shovee, and 460-pound Doug Roos, shover.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

MORIBUNDIST—Those are barred windows, not banners, behind Fritz Kuhn, now in the internment camp at Apeburg, Germany. He'll do nicely for the 1946 "man without a country."

ACME

POP GOES ANOTHER PRECEDENT—Tom Shafer, U. S. news photographer, snapped Emperor Hirohito at six feet, the closest ever. Before the roof fell in on Japan, photographing his nibs from any distance would have meant sure and sudden death.

ACME

IKE'S DOUBLE——Lt. Col. B. B. Smith looks so much like Eisenhower that he once rode in his boss's place to deceive the pesky Germans.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

THE OLD COLLEGE TRINI-TROTOLUOL—Navy demolition experts execute an eerie ballet scene in a Los Angeles pool as they show how TNT cleared away enemy obstacles in the Pacific island invasions.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAMPION FORGIVER—For running away with a lad of sixteen, Eleanor Deveny faced court charges—but not alone. Her husband, Cpl. John Deveny, agreed to stand by in her defense. He was, she conceded, a good sport.

ACME

SINGER WOWS 'EM—Opening of the Metropolitan Opera season produced odd sights. One woman had green hair. Ganna Walska has a bare midriff.

WIDE WORLD

TOPSY-TURVY TOWN—While filming A. J. Cronin's The Green Years, Director George Folsey frames a worm's-eye view in his finder, with a workman's leg as his pillow. Victor Saville, a fellow director, acts as substitute peeker.

California Sun Sense!

Photos by Jack Albin

Wedge Shoes by Joyce

MANY years ago, way back in 1846, westward-bound slow-rolling caravans reaching the end of the California trail were greeted by dark-eyed girls with gentle Spanish voices, who came out to peer from behind their black mantillas at Los Americanos.

Today, one hundred years later, in 1946, sunny California speeds her high-powered caravans eastward—laden with radiant play clothes welcomed by America's crisp young sun worshipers. These Western fashions, gay as a holiday, are available in resort shops clear across the country. Californians, who know their place is in the sun, keep up with whirlwind developments. Their climate's a natural for inspiring sun clothes.

California not only has clothes sense—she has SUN SENSE!

ALOHA. Catalina's lei-trimmed waffle piqúe sun suit keeps you frosty cool in the face of shimmering heat. Blue, red, or green scrolled on sparkling white. Snug-fitting shorts 'neath a pert ruffled skirt—a little fullness, not too much. Evelyn Keyes, Columbia Pictures.

SHORTS FOR SPORTS are impeccable and cool when made of the pastel Zephyroy fabric and styled by Jantzen. Topped by a black Tee shirt, these little-boy sun shorts help give that long-and-lanky look. Blonde Virginia Mayo, Samuel Goldwyn star, is wearing it.

PLAID PORTRAIT blossoms like a summer plant. A checked Guatemalan print—nature's tones of green, yellow, red, and brown. Louella Ballerino's midriff dress is dainty and cool in a heat-gilded climate. A new note—bra top with *cap* sleeves. The model is Frances Rafferty.

CALIFORNIA COQUETTE. Crisp and pink, this new version of the pedal pusher with its eyelet-embroidered ruffles is cute, smart, and wickedly demure all at once. An outfit so versatile anyone can wear it. This one styled by Agnes Barrett and worn by Evelyn Keyes.

BASICLY BARE, just one strap. Whip yourself into a daring mood with this Kay Foster original. Baby pants take a new slant with the diagonal drape. Hand-blocked Indian print to the right; chartreuse linen to the left. Modeled by Frances Rafferty, M-G-M star.

BAREBACKED BUSTLE dress is delicious in the freshness it brings to a hot day. With gay abandon, Pat Premo uses coral-and-white awning-striped chambray, striking the dressier note found in many of the 1946 sun frocks. The model wearing it—Evelyn Keyes.

A LATIN TRANSLATION. The popular bolero and shorts are shown in stripes bright as a sun-splashed rainbow—a hand-woven ensemble of Guatemalan influence from the house of Marjorie's. Things—cut with hip-whittling precision. Model—Ella Raines, Universal star.

SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

Henry had carried his war bride's picture with him during all those lonely months overseas — but now that he was back, he saw a lot that wasn't in the picture. A tale of wisdom and hope for every war bride and groom, spun with tenderness by America's master storyteller

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

AFTER two years and five months of martial service abroad, much of it violent, Henry Wharton Brown, twenty-four years old, formerly infantryman (pfc.) found himself wearing store clothes and looking out of a kitchen window.

"Found himself" is the truth of his state of mind. He found himself to be seated in that blue-painted wooden chair and to be looking out that four-paned window at rain and a dismal outskirt of the midland town of Emmonsville, population 15,000. He was also finding himself to be married, to have abruptly a wife, a child, and a father-in-law.

For three days Henry had been more or less aware that this was his new condition; but now he seemed for the first time to be realizing its full actualness. That was why he preferred to look out of the window, even at some of Emmonsville, rather than at his wife or his child or his father-in-law. A kindhearted boy made into a soldier, Henry had taken a long series of jolts during the past three years, and here, in peacetime, was another. He was far, far from sure that he liked having a wife, a child, and a father-in-law.

On the other hand, it was plain that his wife and his father-in-law liked having him. His store clothes looked wrong on him; but he was leanly big and brownly handsome, a highly pleasing young man even though his honest eyes and good features were now more perplexed and reticent than affable. His wife and his father-in-law were doing their best to mollify this expression.

"Might take you a few more days to get used to the romance of it, Henry," Mr. Mern, the father-in-law, said.

"Maybe." Henry didn't turn his head as he spoke. He didn't care much for this fat and genial middle-aged stranger who seemed to be settled down in the small house to live there the rest of his days.

"Why I name it a romance, Henry," Mr. Mern went on placatively, "it's because I look at it that way in regards to myself, me having a daughter that let a soldier get married to her only five days after she happened to set down by him on a train. By and large, that's the way it was, wasn't it, Mattie?"

Mattie, the girl Henry was just now fully discovering to be his actual wife, sat peeling potatoes and at the same time skillfully holding upon her lap the fattish pink child, Henrietta, twenty months old. "What, father?" Mattie asked, for in addition to peeling potatoes and holding Henrietta, she was looking rather anxiously at Henry.

"By and large," Mr. Mern repeated, "what I says was it looks to me like a romance because I'm the father of you and the grandfather of Henrietta; but it wouldn't happened except Henry and you being on that train together and then getting married in five days and him leaving for Europe inside the same week to be in the war all this time before he ever laid eyes on his own child. That's why I says by and large, I'd have to call it a romance. Wouldn't you apply that expression to it, too, Henry?"

" 'By and large'?" Henry said vacantly. "What's by and large got to do with it?"

Mr. Mern and his daughter exchanged a surreptitious, serious glance.

HENRY continued to look forth at the three muddy vacant lots between the cottage and its nearest neighbor, a filling station with wet pumps gleaming through gray drizzle.

"Up around Ashtabula, where I and Mattie's always hailed from, Henry," he said, "there was considerable Browns. You might been related to 'em or not, as the case may be. Take the Frank Forrest Brown family, for instance; they had kin in Chicago and Milwaukee and as fur east as Allegheny City. Was you related to any of—"

"I wasn't and I am not." Henry's posture was unrelaxed. "I already said not."

"Well, anyways," Mr. Mern ventured, "they're nice people, them Ashtabula Browns, good farmin' stock. They had a minister in their family, Reverend Ed Brown and wife. They lost their only child and Reverend Mrs. Ed Brown come straight to me. 'Oh, Mr. Mern,' she says, 'I don't know what to do! If it could only been me that was taken, Mr. Mern—if it could only been me instead!' Well, I put my hand on her shoulder. 'That ain't the way to look at it, Mrs. Brown,' I says. 'The only

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Henry looked out the window. He was far from sure that he liked having a wife, a child, and a father-in-law.

If you want to hold your woman, know how to treat her dog. George knew and John didn't, and that was the only difference — that, and George. A waggish tale with a new twist to delight dog lovers and woman lovers everywhere

BY ISABELLA TAVES

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURSEL

Love on a Leash

THE puppy sat in a puddle, his shoulders sagging, his black-and-white-spotted forehead wrinkled into what Susan recognized wearily as his "Where's the men's room?" expression. Cabs, filled with smug, dogless, dry people, splashed by them. The rain whipped into Susan's face. "Please," she said weakly.

She didn't hear the young man come up behind her. Even if she had, she wouldn't have cared. She was beyond caring. She was beyond being herself. She was an exhausted girl at the end of a Dalmatian's leash.

"He shouldn't be sitting on the damp sidewalk," a voice said.

Susan looked up crossly. The possessor of the voice was tall. His raincoat was unfastened and swept out behind him. His crisp red hair was uncovered and shone under the street lamp. He looked obnoxiously healthy. Susan reflected that he obviously must have had webbed feet in his family tree.

"What would you think," she said, "if I told you to mind your own business?"

The young man didn't seem to hear her. "He's a handsome little guy, but pretty scared. How long have you had him?"

"Since this morning. I went crazy and bought him so he wouldn't have to be put in a crate and shipped back to the country. He and I were posing for an advertisement together. I didn't know he wasn't housebroken."

"Of course not." The redhead seemed to see her for the first time. "Are you a model? I'm an artist. My name's George Wharton. What you need is a drink. My apartment is two doors down. Come in and I'll fix you one and rub your puppy down."

"Thank you, no. We'll go on walking. I understand the technique is to keep him out until he does something."

"You're being an idiot. The puppy is scared. I have a wood fire going. What he needs is a rubdown in front of it."

"My," said Susan, "that is a fresh approach! A wood fire and rubdown. Goodness, you New York wolves have imagination."

George had bent over the puppy. For a minute he didn't answer. Then he straightened and looked her full in the face.

"If you could see yourself, you wouldn't worry about passes. I don't know what you look like when you're hung up and dried out, and I don't care. I'm thinking about the poor puppy. You obviously don't know much about dogs."

Susan drew up fiercely. "I don't, but my fiancé knows everything. He's the one who told me to keep him out."

"What's wrong with your fiancé that you have to do the walking?"

"He's in bed with a cold. He has to be careful. He's a dentist and his health is very important."

George nodded sympathetically. "I know. Dentists are bad enough without having head colds, too."

Susan stiffened. "John's the most important authority on gold inlays in the country. His family wanted him to be a surgeon, but dentistry always fascinated him. He does all his own laboratory work. You should see the way his gold inlays fit."

"I can hardly wait," George said indifferently. "Look, kid. Why won't you go home and get out of the rain? Your dentist will never know."

SUSAN shook her head. "I can't. I'm living with John and his mother until I can find an apartment. He says the first two days with the puppy are the toughest. If I can get over them—"

George's hand was on her elbow and his voice was gentle. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take you in and make you a hot toddy and let you wade out of your shoes. Then I'll rub down the puppy and take him out again. You're so tense that you make the puppy extra nervous."

"I couldn't," Susan said. "What would John say if he thought I let a stranger pick me up and walk my dog?"

"He wouldn't need to know."

"I couldn't lie to him. That is the wrong basis for marriage. No thanks." Susan pulled away, but she felt hot tears join the cold rain on her face. "Come on, Fire."

She yanked the leash, but the puppy wouldn't move. George bent down and picked him up. The puppy snuggled into his arms. "Come on," he said. "I've had a lot of dogs, and this is an emergency. Your John won't need to know—will he, Fire? You're a discreet little fellow."

"No," said Susan. "I couldn't possibly. I—" A sneeze burst out of her, leaving her throat raw. "I—well, maybe just this once. If you hurry, please. My name is Susan Welsh."

ONE hour later, Susan wakened. The magazine she had been trying to read had slipped to the floor and her shoes steamed in front of the fire. She looked hastily at her watch and jumped, panic-stricken, to her feet. John would be frantic. But she couldn't go home without the puppy. There was only one answer. She would have to go out and look for her dog. She snatched her shoes. They were still wet and they felt stiff and uncomfortable on her feet. She had a fleeting urge to leave the dog with the strange young man, go to John's apartment and pack and take the first train home to Norfolk. Then she thought of her mother.

Because so many naval officers were stationed at Norfolk, Susan had enjoyed the sensation of being a wartime belle. But John was the only one of whom her family really approved. He was dependable, he had family background, and his father had left him a more than comfortable sum of money. He had a good practice waiting for him in

(*Continued on page 66*)

"I don't know John," George said, "but you're crazy if you marry him. Opposites shouldn't get married."

Second

BY
SGT. HAROLD APPLEBAUM
ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

Sammy was sick with shame. He looked around wildly for some way to stop this terrible thing that was being done to them.

SAMMY looked at the shiny microphone on the table in front of him and was afraid. Not in all the terrible months in prison camp had he been so afraid. Of course, that was different. That was real—that was concrete—battling with brutal guards and insects and disease. But this was far more frightening—

He listened for a minute to the announcer's voice coming to him through the earphones. It was that radio show that brought people out of the street up to the microphone to tell about themselves. The announcer introduced a man who for thirty years had lived by himself on an island, living on what fish he could catch and what things he could grow and eat. The studio audience laughed when he told how he had felt when he had seen his first automobile, when he'd heard his first radio. He sounded scared too, and Sammy imagined how foolish he felt. Sammy felt foolish too.

How will I sound? he wondered. Will I say anything wrong, or make some stupid mistake? What'll Mama say?

At the thought of his mother's voice, a cold chill went through him. Mama—born in Poland—had come to America when she was twenty. Living on the East Side in New York and never having any time to learn proper English—what would Mama say? And how would she say it? He closed his eyes in anguish at the thought. He felt ashamed. Immediately he tried to put the thought out of his mind, but it was there, and no amount of effort would remove it. She would be introduced, he would speak, and then, with all those millions of people listening, she would talk her broken English with the strong Jewish accent—so strong that it would sound as if she were burlesquing it. He shuddered. *He* was second generation. He had a dozen years of American schooling behind him and he knew how badly Mama would sound. Why had he let them fix up this two-way radio conversation between them? Why didn't they let him alone, to come home like all the rest of the boys—thankful, sure, and happy?

The old hermit finished his story and was warmly applauded. Sammy clenched and unclenched his hands. They were still laughing at the hermit's story. What would they find to laugh at when Mama began to speak?

He started as the announcer took the microphone and said, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, we have a thrill in store for you. At a microphone in our studios in San Francisco is a boy who has just been flown to this country from the Philippines. He has not been home for over three years. Over two years of that time has been spent in a Japanese prison camp, slaving, suffering, fighting for his very existence. Liberated suddenly by the Russians just before the end of the war, he was barely able to walk—"

One of the radio technicians came into Sammy's room. "All set?" he asked. Sammy nodded, received his last-minute instructions, began to watch for the red light on the wall to tell him that the microphone in front of him was alive. His fear became a throbbing in his head. He found that his hands were trembling, that his breathing was faster. And in his ears the anouncer, "—and in the studio here in New York is this boy's mother, waiting to talk to her son for the first time in over three years."

Sammy could picture her, nervous, short, gray-haired, her hands clasped in front of her. I'll bet she's all excited, he thought. Mama, he thought, Mama—three years—what would she say? What would *he* say?

The announcer called, "Come in, Corporal Sam Glassman from San Francisco!"

Everything began to happen at once. The red light flashed. His mother's voice came over the earphones, "Sammileh—Sammileh!"

"Here I am, Mama," he said, hardly knowing it. "Mama?"

"Sammy—oh, Sammy—how you, Sammy?"

"I'm all right, Mama. I'm all right."

He had the feeling of it now—he could hear her perfectly. She asked

Generation

Mama's accent was like her salami—thick. But when Sammy, back from the wars, heard her voice coming his way over a coast-to-coast hook-up from across the continent, he forgot his embarrassment. For, no matter how you slice it, mother love is mother love in any accent

again, "How you filling, Sammy?" Her voice was thick with emotion and excitement, and the accent was there—terribly there.

"I'm fine, Mama. How are you?"

She heard him for the first time. "I'm fine, Papa's fine. Sylvia, she's got a leetle cold, but udderwise she's filling fine."

He started to say something else, but she continued, "You remember Gladys Feinberg, Sammy? A baby she had last week!"

He cut in, "That's great, Mama. How's the old gang?"

"So when you coming home, Sammy?"

That was an easy one. "Soon as I can—in about a week I'll be home."

"Oi, I'm so glad—" He winced to hear the studio audience's chuckle at her accent. It came to him clearly, so clearly that shame swept suddenly over him like a wave. She was making a fool out of herself, out of both of them. He hesitated for a second, and the announcer broke in, "Mrs. Glassman, tell Sammy about the party the people on the block are going to make for him."

"Aw, Mama—don't be making a big fuss—"

"It's no fuss, Sammileh. So how often you come home? I'll make a few things to keep in the house—"

"Yeah, Mama," he said weakly.

"And you know what, Sammy?" Her voice was triumphant now.

"What, Mama?"

"I made you pickled harring!" She almost shouted it, but her voice was drowned out by a roar of laughter from the studio audience. She must have turned to the announcer, for she added, "Does my Sammy love pickled harring!" And they laughed again.

Sammy was sick with shame. He looked wildly around for some way to escape, to stop this terrible thing that was being done to them. But the red light was still on, and his mother's voice came to him. "You there, Sammy?"

"Yeah, I'm here, Mama."

"So I'll tell you what else we'll make. For us it's a big thing. Mrs. Marcus says she'll make some potato salad—remember what good potato salad she makes? And Thelma Lipshutz, she just greduwated from college—"

Sammy listened. He was helpless to do anything else. She chattered on, blissfully unaware that ten million people all over the country were tuned in. Then all at once, as he listened, a new thing came to him. This was his mother, no matter what anybody thought of her ways, her speech. He was her son, her Sammy. Let them think, let them laugh. Listen to her—talking to her boy, excited as never before in her life, thrilled to death—brushing aside the laughter of millions of people—talking to her boy. Such wonderful freshness, such unworldly, naïve loyalty, such love! He wanted suddenly to reach across the continent and hug her—squeeze her like he used to, till she cried out. This was Mama—little, fat, wonderful Mama, —his mother! Hers was a love that would never be changed or even weakened by all the torment or laughter in all the world.

He broke in on her: "Mama—cut it out, Mama—save it—save it for me when I get home—the herring, the pastrami—everything."

"*Nu*, so when you coming, Sammy?"

He laughed, too excited now to say anything. "Coming home? Mama, you go back to the house and you get everything ready. Tell everybody to be there—Poppa, Sylvia, the Marcuses—everybody! I'm starting right now—I'll be there before you know it! Mama—when I talk to you I'm home already."

Her voice was suddenly anxious. "You all right, Sammy?"

"I'm fine, Mama. I'm coming home!"

"Well—" she must have glanced at the announcer.

"Good-by, Sammy. *Zei gezundt, mein kindt.*"

"*Zei gezundt*, Mama!" Sammy threw it into the faces of ten million listeners, and he waited until the red light blinked off before he started to cry.

THE END

"I made you pickled harring." She almost shouted it, but her voice was drowned out by the laughter of the studio audience.

Ten Acres patted the mare. "You'll be all right, honey. The Yanks will be here soon. Take care of Stonewall . . . be a good girl."

HORSES

Are Fine People

There they were — a motley, beaten bunch of soldiers suddenly brought close to the dear half-forgotten days they once knew by the miracle of new life amid war's devastation. Surely this was the wisdom which surpasses all understanding

BY STEPHEN LONGSTREET

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

IN the hot summer rain Lee was retreating. Retreating back across the rivers into Virginia. A long tired way to go. . . .

Yet it was no army that was retreating. It was only endless groups of men marching together—each sure that somehow contact was being maintained.

There were six of them in this group—some strangers to one another, for in retreat one does not pick the company with whom one leaves a battlefield. Big Ed complained the most. He wanted a horse because he had been hit in the leg by a bomb fragment, and a woman's petticoat tied with butcher twine didn't make walking any easier. He leaned on a little dry stick of a man called Ten Acres because all he ever hoped to have was ten acres and a mule. Then there was a cook, who didn't remember how he had gotten into the war; another was a boy with two fingers missing from his left hand — called Lefty, of course. And there was Captain Nelson, who claimed to be a river-boat pilot forced into a soldier's life; last was a soldier who used to be a ribbon clerk in a Memphis Bon Ton and wore narrow city shoes. He shaved every other day and was sick of some sort of frustration and ate his fingernails.

Lefty said to the clerk. "Hey, Lady, got any water?"

The clerk shook his head and pushed his canteen back under his blanket. He had two mouthfuls, but he hoped to shave at dawn with it. They laughed so at his genuine refinement.

The night was dark and heavy, like a black chalk mist made of oil and soot. Around them they could hear the army stirring and rattling as it moved on sadly in defeat. But they could see nothing. They were, thought Lady, a group of Crusoes on a desert island of darkness and only the waves of sound connected them with the rest of their world. Lady was very tired, and his broken, once fancy, shoes hurt his feet. His comrades stunk badly, and their foul curses after almost three years of war service he still found offensive. It was not the war, not these men, not this existence he had wanted from life. He hunched his pack higher and slid the gun so the oily reeking leather strap did not cut so much into his aching shoulder. He felt a disintegrating stagnation going on in his mind and body.

Years ago, back in Memphis, it had been pleasant. He had done his work, and the hours spent talking color, matching ribbons had been a joy. There was more to life, he used to dream, but he had never gotten around to it when the war came and he had enlisted. He never knew why. Yet somehow he had wanted to be doing what all men did in times like these. Perhaps sensations would multiply—existence explain itself.

It had not been easy and his fists had been raw flesh for months as he fought with the men who called him Lady. He no longer cared what they called him. In a way he felt they accepted him by calling him Lady. He and Big Ed and Ten Acres had been together a long time. When they said Lady, they did not sneer. He had been very good with a rifle, very clever with the gun screws in rebuilding broken parts. He could steal chicken soundlessly; he could sew neatly on oat sacks when it was a matter of reroofing worn-out pants seats. Memphis may have been pleasant, but he had never been accepted as he had been here. He tumbled over an old log, then he felt the punky rotten bark give under his feet and he tumbled his length on the ground. He turned on his back and saw the milky radiance of the sky.

BIG ED suddenly folded up as they stopped to pick up Lady. The big man rubbed his face and puffed out his breath with barbaric zeal.

"No go. I'm setting here."

"We gotta go on. That's sheer cussedness, Ed."

"No go, Cookie. Me and Lady will stay here."

Ten Acres looked up at the many new grown stars. "Must be about two o'clock."

"How the hell do you know?" asked Lefty, rubbing his ribs.

"I kin tell just lookin' at stars."

"Bulldust," said the cook. "How?"

"Can't say. But it's right as rain—allus."

"Horsebrine."

But they all knew Ten Acres was right. He could tell time by looking at sun, moon, stars, or shadows. He didn't know, himself, how he did it, but he could almost match a French watch in the art of telling the hour. It had been rather disquieting at first.

Captain Nelson had stepped aside and he came back now and he said, "Let's rest three hours. There's some sort of shack down in the hollow. We'll lay over for a spell and get goin' at sun-up. Wish I had me a steamboat."

"Sure, and a golden cane."

They went on now, alert to the idea of slipping from their burdens and resting on their backs. Their feet hurt now more than ever, and when they came to the shack among its bosky thickets, it was good to see, even if only three sides of it were walled.

Something stirred in its gloom. There was a rattle of old dried leaves, a sort of dark voluptuous writhing.

Ten Acres had three inches of candle he had been thinking of saving for food. He held it now in one dirty fist and hunted for a match he had captured two days ago—one of those newfangled Yankee ideas you rubbed. The men held their guns pointed to the sound. They knew it was not the enemy. They felt tight and excited and full of a new grievance. What was it?

The newfangled match flared up and the candle end caught. They saw in the explosion of flickering light, a horse—a wonderful horse with flared nostrils and ears pricked forward, staring at them, definitely heavy with some fear.

The horse was bent over, as if in agony, and seemed bloated with some painful tremor. The men watched this horse and the horse watched them. In the men's minds this was easy escape: one of them could ride away and not walk all that weary retreat; and suddenly they were no longer comrades, but each was competing with the others for this animal. A possessive surge took them a step forward, and the horse backed up. Its eyes still pained, its body stiff and clumsy. . . .

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Bitter Legacy

BY
EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMITT

Everybody dreams of inheriting a fortune from a stranger, and Miss Vail was as thrilled as you would be. But a dream can turn into a nightmare when the hand that offers the money starts drawing checks on it—from the grave

"We'll contest the will," Sam said. "We'll prove undue influence, and you won't get one nickel of it."

THIRTY thousand dollars! After payment of taxes and attorneys' fees, there would still be thirty thousand dollars in the estate. Breathless, Miss Vail paused on the corner and glimpsed her face in the plate glass of a store front. She turned for a second look at this woman who had inherited thirty thousand dollars.

The reflection was not flattering. It was the clothes, she decided. She had been a nurse for so long that she was uncomfortable out of uniform, and looked it. The first thing, the moment she got the money, she would buy some new things, the very best, an overflowing wardrobe of flattering dresses.

For the first time she noticed the rows of bottles beyond the plate glass. It was a liquor store and in the center of the showcase was a display of fat bottles under a card that said: "Imported Champagne." Champagne! she thought. Of course, champagne! If ever there had been a time for celebration in her forty years of cautious, conservative existence, this was it.

Walking home with the bottle, she frowned slightly. Champagne was a wine to be shared. She should call up a friend and pour out her excitement with the bubbles from the bottle. From now on, she thought, she would have friends, lots of them, but there was no one she could call tonight. A nurse's life was so crowded. There was so little time for friendships outside the hospital, and for years she had lived vicariously in the lives of her patients. That was it, she decided; she was beginning a new life. She was taking up where the old woman had left off, the sad old woman who had willed her thirty thousand dollars.

"You could knock me over with a feather," Miss Vail had said in the lawyer's office. "Why, I only knew Miss Peters a few weeks, just the weeks I was nursing her. I can't understand why she left me all that money."

It was a puzzle. Of course she had given the old woman her customary dutiful attention. She had listened to her many complaints, had soothed her, read aloud to her. But after all, that was the duty of a special nurse. What had she given that was extra? What had she given that was worth thirty thousand dollars?

She remembered the curious look the lawyer had given her the day he was called to the hospital. Miss Vail knew now that the new will had been drawn up that day. The lawyer had given her so strange a look, but heaven knew she had exerted no undue influence. Good Lord, she thought, the last thing in the world she had expected was a legacy from old Miss Jenny Peters!

Miss Vail lived in a walk-up flat in a quiet block, only a few steps from the corner where she caught the crosstown bus each day to the hospital. As she hurried up the steps she felt almost furtive, with the champagne bottle tucked under her arm, and chuckled when she saw her face in the pier glass in the hall. She had come in like a woman who was behind in her rent, she thought, and laughed aloud.

There was a lamb chop in the refrigerator, and after she had shelled some peas, she took out all the ice cubes and dumped them into the bucket the once-a-week maid used for scouring. She put the bottle in the bucket; draped a towel over it.

As she pan-broiled the chop she thought again of the old woman in the hospital bed. Why had Miss Peters left her the entire estate? She had at least one relative, a nephew. She had spoken of him the day a letter had come from him, forwarded from the old woman's hotel. Miss Vail remembered the name and address. It was Sam Peters, and the town was Ashhurst, New Jersey.

There must have been a good reason for cutting the nephew off, she thought as she turned the chop, so why should she worry? What she was going to do was relax. Buy some clothes. Travel. Never give another hypo, never change another bed, never see sickness again.

THE chop was done and the champagne was iced at the same time. She had a little trouble opening the bottle, then the cork blew out with a fulsome pop and champagne sprayed on the cloth she had spread over the card table. She had no wineglasses, so she filled a tumbler half full and sat down with the glass in her hand.

She looked solemnly at the wall opposite and raised the glass. "Miss Peters, here's to you," she said, and drank.

She felt wonderful, really wonderful. The chop was good and the peas were tender and the champagne had thirty thousand bubbles, thirty thousand promises of all that was to come. But still she was uneasy; she felt a prick of conscience. She could not help thinking that the bottle of champagne was not altogether hers. She felt that the nephew was there beside her, looking on, waiting to claim his share of the bottle. She frowned and put her glass down.

She remembered Miss Peters. The old woman had complained a lot. In fact, she had been something of a whiner. Naturally she had been very ill. She must have disliked the nephew, she thought; she must have really hated him, to cut him off with nothing and leave thirty thousand dollars to her nurse.

Miss Vail set her chin with determination. What she must think of was the new life ahead of her, a full life, a life of security. She deserved the money, she told herself, as much as anybody. She had worked long and hard. She deserved the thirty thousand as much as the nephew in Ashhurst. It was Miss Peters' money, and Miss Peters had decided. That nephew, Miss Vail thought, must have done something pretty terrible to alienate the old lady. Of course that was the reason.

She tried to visualize the nephew, and considered what he would think of her: A scheming woman who took advantage of her opportunity as an old woman's nurse to win her affection and get the money. Of course it wasn't true, but that's what he'd think. Miss Vail felt uncomfortable and looked unhappily at the bottle of champagne. She had always been sensitive to other people's opinions. That was true of any woman who lived alone.

She thought that as soon as the money was paid over, as soon as it was deposited in the bank, she could think of it as hers. She would lose those doubts. After all, it was only a few hours since she had heard the staggering news.

Still, she could not drink the champagne. She watched the bubbles rising in her glass and shook her head slightly. If it was going to bother her so much, she thought, why not look up this nephew in Ashhurst and offer him some of the money? Offer him half. Thirty thousand dollars was a lot of money. She could split with the nephew and everybody would be happy. That was it, she thought, and got to her feet. She would go to Ashhurst first thing in the morning.

She went to the closet and got her overnight bag. Already she felt better about it; she felt a generous warmth of heart for this nephew in Ashhurst. They would be friends. She would call on him and say, "I'm Lucy Vail. I've come to give you fifteen thousand dollars." Just like that, she thought. Like a bombshell. Then she would laugh and explain all that had happened. A smile curved her lips and she glanced at the bottle of champagne. Still smiling, she shook her head. She wanted no more of the wine. Champagne was a drink to be shared, she thought, and wondered if he was a married man, this nephew in Ashhurst.

SHE stood on the other side of the street, under a sycamore tree, inspecting the house. It was a shabby buff color, with dark brown trim, and there were cupolas galore and wooden lace. It was an old house on a quiet street, with a beautiful garden beyond the picket fence.

Alice Peters saw her from the window of the living room and called to her mother, "Somebody's standing there, just staring. Come and look."

"Staring at what?" Mrs. Peters asked.

"At us," Alice said. "Look."

Mrs. Peters went to the window and saw the woman as she started to cross the street. She was middle-aged and wore her clothes in an odd way, Mrs. Peters thought. There was a Sunday-best air about her.

(*Continued on page 59*)

HEAT FOR THE STEEL THAT SHAPES OUR LIVES

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•

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BITUMINOUS COAL . . . LIGHTS THE WAY . . . FUELS THE FIRES . . . POWERS THE PROGRESS OF AMERICA

PLOUGHMAN of the MOON

BY ROBERT SERVICE

The autobiography of ballad-maker Robert Service who trekked from a village in Scotland to the frozen wastes of the Yukon, where "there are strange things done in the midnight sun by the men who moil for gold," for "the Arctic trails have their secret tales, that would make your blood run cold."

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY NEIL O'KEEFE

PLEASE, Aunt Jeannie, can I go out and look at the hens?"

Over her spectacles my aunt gazed at me suspiciously. "Whit fur, Rubbert Wullie, do you want to look at the hens?"

"I don't know whit fur, I jist want to look at them."

"Ye'd be faur better lookin' at yer bonnie Bible. Don't ye like yer wee Bible?"

"Ay, but I like the hens better."

My aunt was inclined to be shocked; however, I was paying her a pretty compliment, for her Plymouth Rocks were her heart's pride. Still she hesitated; when Grandfather, peering from under his spectacles, broke in.

"Whit, fur will ye no' let wee Wullie look at the hens? He'll no dae them ony herm."

Grudgingly she consented, and no released prisoner ever sighed with more profound relief. It was the afternoon of the Sabbath and I was richly miserable. My new boots pinched me, my white collar choked me. My hair was smugly flat, my Sunday suit skin-tight. My winter woolens were prickly, while my thick stockings made my legs itch. For a boy of five could worse torture be conceived?

I was living for a while with Grandfather and my three aunts. Grandfather was postmaster; Aunt Bella sold stamps, while Aunt Jennie jiggled a handle that in some inconceivable way sent off telegrams. Aunt Jeannie ran the house and looked after the garden and the hens.

Our little Ayrshire town consisted of a single street of gray houses and was about two miles long. The population were churchgoers to the last child. There were three churches, the Established, the Free and the U. P., and the rivalry between them was so bitter members of one denomination would scarcely speak to the others.

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About ten the bells began to ring, and from the far ends of the long town the worshippers formed into procession. As they walked, their slow steps never faltered, while conversation consisted of side whispers; for all knew that behind the lace curtains of every house eyes were on them and tongues were wagging.

"Look! Mrs. McWhinnie's got a new bunnet, an' her man no' ten months pit awa'."

Returning home was as if every one had been relieved of a burden. Duty grimly done, we walked joyously, heads high, eyes smiling. We formed groups, greeting, gossiping, even joking. At lunch Grandfather was pawky and aromatic, while my aunts discussed the sermon with critical comments on the garments of the other women.

My grandfather and aunts must have been very kind to me, for I never remember being afraid of them. Aunt Jeannie was cross sometimes and shook me, but only once did she want me whipped. I cannot recall what I had done, though no doubt I deserved punishment. However, she had not the heart to do it herself, so she begged

Grandfather to take action. He complied with bad grace. Calling me into his room he swung a heavy strap.

"Bend over," he told me sternly. I was trembling but I would not beg for mercy. I presented my little buttocks. I was determined not to cry. To my amazement he began to belabor the cushion of his chair.

"Greet, ye wee deevil," he hissed in my ear. "Pretend ye're greetin'."

So I bawled for all I was worth, while he whacked the cushion till the dust flew. Outside the door Aunt Jeannie was begging him to stop.

"The laddie's had enough," she shrieked.

"Dinna tell," said Grandfather, "but don't do it again. Next time I'll give ye a proper leatherin'."

I promised, and Aunt Jeannie greeted me with a look of commiseration. "Ye needna hae been sae brutal aboot it," she said to Grandfather.

There was quite a literary tradition in our family. My great-grandfather had been a crony of Robert Burns and claimed him as a second cousin. One of our parlour chairs had often been warmed by the rump of the Bard.

Perhaps something of this atmosphere affected me; but poetry attracted me from the first—largely, I suppose, because of the rhyming. So one day I astonished the family by breaking into verse. It was the occasion of my sixth birthday and the supper table was spread like a feast. As I looked at it in eager anticipation, an idea came into my head.

"Please, Grandpapa, can I say grace this time?"

All eyes turned to me, and I could see disapproval shaping in their faces. But I did not give them a chance to check me. Bowing my head reverently I began:

"God bless the cakes and bless the jam;
Bless the cheese and the cold boiled ham;
Bless the scones Aunt Jeannie makes,
And save us all from belly-aches. Amen."

I remember their staring silence and my apprehension. I expected to be punished, but I need not have feared. For years after they told the story of my grace till it ended by enraging me.

THEN one day my parents retrieved me, and I was spirited away from the Long Gray Town to the city. Despite his ten children and an income of two hundred pounds a year, Papa kept his three chins up and carried on gallantly. From the time he came into Mama's money, to his death some thirty years later, he never attempted to earn a living. But one thing I will say for him—he was one of the most abstemious men I have ever known. For three hundred and fifty-five days of the year he perched triumphantly on the water-wagon; then on the other ten he fell off with a mighty wallop.

One time we had a wealthy aunt staying with us when Papa developed a gloomy gaze and a mean manner. These were signs of a chute from sobriety; and sure enough that evening he announced his intention of going out for a whiff of fresh air. I waited till he was well away, then followed at a distance. I was only ten at the time, but I felt the honour of the family was at stake. When he got to the first pub he disappeared inside, and after a little hesitation I followed. He was standing up to the bar and before him was a tumbler of whisky. I went forward and took him by the arm. He turned round.

"You young blackguard!" he shouted. Taking me by the arm, he marched me out. "What are you doing in that den of vice?" he demanded.

"What were *you* doing?" I said.

"That's none of your affair. But anyway I was there on business. One of those men is a baker and I was arranging for a supply of slightly stale bread at half-price. And over a glass of lemonade," he added indignantly.

On the way home I let him lecture me on the evils of strong drink, and he made me promise solemnly that I would never enter a pub again.

Between his half-Dundreary whiskers Papa had a moustache like a thatch. He used to gnaw it a lot till it became gray and he had to ink it.

He only shaved twice a week. On the day he shaved he would look like a Member of Parliament, for he would wear his sprigged waistcoat and lavender spats. He had a Winston Churchill hat that looked as if it was the result of a liaison between a bowler and a topper. He was pompous and put on an English accent on these occasions, referring to men in position as: "My old friend . . ." In short, you would have thought he was making at least a thousand pounds a year.

On the second day, when his beard began to show, he would don a second-grade suit and look like a small-business man. On the third day he would dress like a tramp and wear a red handkerchief under his bristly chin. In this character he enjoyed taking the younger children out for a walk, especially if it was Sunday and he could meet the well-dressed crowd coming from church. I admired his sense of dramatic fitness, but if I asked any one to the house I was careful to do it on Papa's shaving day.

I THINK Papa realized he was a failure, as concerned the affairs of public life, and tried to justify his existence by success in the domestic sphere. This took the form of having a large family and bringing them up on a small income. He tried to save every penny he could. His idea was that money saved was money earned; but we, his poor family, were the ones who suffered from his penny-pinching. For personally he liked food best when it tasted high.

In the line of clothes, too, his passion for economy asserted itself. Once he bought cheaply a bolt of the green cloth used for covering billiard tables and had suits for us four boys made of it. I always remember as I sat in class one day, attired in my pea-green suit, how my tiny brother entered dressed in one exactly similar. The boys laughed and even the teacher joined in.

Papa bought a shoemaker's outfit and became an amateur cobbler. He then insisted on keeping all our shoes and boots in repair, furnishing the soles with hobnails and steel plaques, and the uppers with weird patches.

Protestations were of no avail. We had to wear them, and proudly he would point to his handiwork. He would spend a whole day at his bench, punching, sewing, hammering, and chuckling at the thought that he was doing some shoemaker out of five bob. It is as a cobbler I best remember him, beaming benevolently through his spectacles, his sleeves rolled up, gray stubble on his chin.

One day I said to him: "Papa, I'd like to go into a bank."

"Why, my son?"

"Because they have lots of money, I'll be sure of my pay. Also one gets all the holidays there are—and then some."

He beamed his agreement, for banking had been his own job. So, selecting a shaving day, he dressed up with his Winston Churchill hat, his sprigged waistcoat and his lavender spats, and we went off together to the bank. My application was made, and soon after a certain branch wrote to say that they needed an apprentice, and would I present myself.

My salary was to be twenty pounds a year for five years, but no increase was promised after that. And in fact in my seventh year I was still getting a hundred dollars a year for my services. Although I was in the banking business for fourteen years, I never discovered what it was all about. One of my old managers once told me I was the worst clerk he had ever known.

I dawdled over my daily errands and dreamed over my ledger. I made rhymes as I cast up columns of figures. I sent one poem to a boys' paper called *Ching Ching's Own*. Two weeks after, it appeared in the correspondence column with the comment by the Editor, "You've got it bad, old fellow. But cheer up. You'll get over it." This referred to the last lines of the poem, which ran:

> Alas! my love is false to me,
> But *that* was yesterday.

The Editor had hit the nail on the head. For the first time in my life I was infatuated. She was a girl called Maisie McQuarrie. She had the saccharine pulchritude of an expensive wax doll: her eyes the blue of lustrous gems, her mouth like a cherry, her complexion roses and cream. She was a picture of sweetness I hardly dared gaze at, so much did it take my breath away.

The only time I ever really got near to her was in church, for the McQuarrie family had a pew behind ours. Never would I have missed morning service.

Mr. McQuarrie was a high official in the railway, and their house had three stories. He was always dressed very smartly, with a fine frock-coat and a shiny top-hat. One day I arrived very late for church and hurried to my place. The congregation was singing the first hymn when I pushed into my seat. As I sat down to make the usual perfunctory prayer, I was aware of a dreadful cracking sound. I was sitting squarely on Mr. McQuarrie's gleaming silk topper.

As I tried to push it back into shape I stammered: "Awfully sorry, sir. Pity it wasn't your opera hat; then it wouldn't have mattered, would it?"

At that, for the first and only time, Maisie smiled.

On my way home as I watched Mr. McQuarrie trying to look dignified under his battered tile, I realized that he would never be my future father-in-law. Then somehow the humorous side of it struck me. I laughed, and suddenly the spell was broken. I was free from the thrall of love, and how happy I was! Maisie could go to the devil now. I no longer cared for her.

I THINK the reason for my decision to turn farmer was my young brother. He had always been a sickly kid, so one day he went to a fairing and hired himself out to a Fife yeoman. I did not see him for over a year, and then I scarcely knew him. From a puny spindling he now overshot me by a head.

"Why not emigrate?" he said. "There's Canada—lots of Scotch there. You can take up land on the prairie."

So I went to the Emigration Office and got all kinds of pamphlets. I read them eagerly. Canada held out her arms to me. Still, I was feeling considerably discouraged when one morning the Manager called me into his office.

"You have been promoted to be junior clerk at the St. Mungo Branch." He paused impressively, "*Seventy pounds a year.*" The jump took my breath away. Yet it was not the promotion but the increase of salary that thrilled me. Here would be my expenses to Canada.

I scrimped harder than ever. I became mean and miserly, as I watched my bank account grow.

At last the great moment came when I entered the Manager's room and said, "I want to give my resignation."

He looked at me in amazement. He was a dignified man with a pendulous stomach. He wore gold-rimmed eyeglasses, astride a red and bulbous nose.

"Resign! What are you going to do?"

"I'm going cattle ranching in Canada," I said.

He stared absently out of the window. His look was wistful, even dreamy. At that moment I saw him transfigured. . . . He was a rugged Highland Scot, clad in the tartan, high up on a misty mountain, with a pair of shaggy dogs and a herd of huge-horned cattle. That was as he should have been. He had missed his destiny and he knew it. So after a little he turned to me:

"Well, you know best. I only wish I had your years. Then, by God, my lad, I'd go along with ye."

MY first job in the New World was working for the MacTartans, a Shetland family who ten years before had rounded Cape Horn to found a new home. The result of their adventure was a farm carved from the forest. The sons, Jock and Bung, who ran the ranch, were six-foot stalwarts with a genial tolerance and a gift for ragging their very green pupil. My biceps compared impossingly with their stringy arms, yet when it came to the strain of a day's work I could not hold my own. I was ashamed of the way I played out so quickly packing hay in a hot mow, but my humiliation spurred me to grim effort and gradually my muscles took on the tough fibre of the labourer.

In our settlement currency was so scarce it was almost non-existent. A silver dollar was almost something to put in a glass case. Business was done by barter. The farmers traded their grain, milk, butter, eggs and fruit for flour, tea, tobacco and sugar. Yet ours was a society in which there was no want.

What I will call the Snob crowd of the community came for the most part from impoverished British county families who jealously preserved the customs of their class. While sons and husbands worked in the fields, the womenfolk, dolled up in old-fashioned finery, drove in rickety buggies with superannuated farm horses, to leave cards on their friends.

The English emigrants regarded the Canadian pioneers with disdain and called them mossbacks. The Canadian frontiersmen who had carved homes from the wilderness spoke of "damn fool Englishmen" and felt for them contempt and dislike. But one thing they had in common—a determination to work hard. With his gospel of stern toil the Canadian had converted the Englishman. It was either that or go under. And the Englishman, snob though he might be, was a sport and a fighter. He would not let the native beat him in the field, so he pitched in for all he was worth. The standard of merit with us was a man's fitness to do hard physical work. If you could sweat all down your back you were a worthy member of society. If you could not, you were a loafer and beyond the pale. Laziness was the worst reproach that could be levelled against one, and few dared invite it.

I acquitted myself well, because there was nothing else I could do. I worked harder than ever in my life; or rather I worked hard for the first time in my life. And from the first I realized that I hated hard work. Yes, with a feeling of horror I now knew that I had made a hideous mistake. I had relinquished my heritage of easy living for the grimmest life I could have chosen.

A FRAME shack cowered in the shadow of the pines. Ramshackle, rain-sodden and innocent of paint, it made a disreputable blot in the clearing. Knee-high grass grew up to its walls and a rickety scaffolding caged it in. Thirty years before, young Hank had rigged up that scaffolding, intending to add another story to his home. He had answered an ad in which an attractive widow wanted

a loving mate. She was to come out and join him and they would be married in the new house. But something slipped and the lady backed out. Young Hank had not the heart to take down the scaffolding. And now old Hank wanted someone to keep him company during the winter, and I had taken on the job.

His was the most outlying house in the settlement, and beyond it was a land that had never been crossed by human foot. The shack stood in a clearing, engulfed by Douglas pines three hundred feet high. Enough had been felled to give it breathing space, and to ensure that none were near enough to crash on it in a day of storm. The fallen trees lay criss-cross where they had been chopped down, and made a barrier around us. Firewood grew up to the very door.

Old Hank was mighty decent to me. He taught me how to make bread and I became the family baker. Good bread needs good kneading. I also learned to build a fire, using a sliver of pitch, whittlings and strips of pine. In a minute I would have a hearty blaze, and in ten more a flaming back-log. It was often bitterly cold. In my bedroom my breath froze on the blanket.

I got Hank to tell me about California, where he had lived many years. He was garrulous and I was a good listener. Bent and bearded, his pipe was rarely absent from his mouth. I will always remember the long evenings by the big open fireplace, in the red glow of the backlog. On one side would lie the old dog, on the other the old cat. Hank had a cask of sweet cider and during the evening he would treat me to a glass.

I used to visit the neighbours, for though I loved my loneliness I had reactions when I craved society. Small farmers for the most part, they had built their log barns and carved their stump-garnished fields from the virgin forest. They were a simple, hearty people. To me they were friendly, though with a certain distrust that I tried to break down. I wore a black shirt, a white tie and a black stetson. I dropped my English accent and tried to adopt the vernacular.

But it was by my entertainment value that I finally was accepted as one of them. Old Hank happened to have a battered banjo and I soon learned the three principal keys and was able to chord while I sang well-known songs. I was asked to surprise parties and to social evenings. I strummed the banjo and improvised ditties. I sang old songs with familiar choruses. I soon had the company joining in. In a log schoolhouse on the fringe of the virgin forest, it sounded cheerful and friendly.

Often in the evening after old Hank had gone to bed, taking the only lamp, I would sit in the fire-light, seeing pictures in the flame. It was then I had an itch to write something. Well, spring was nigh. I would work hard all summer and in the fall I would go South. I would winter in California. That was my dream.

I SAT on a bench in the Plaza looking at the Stevenson Memorial. It had been unveiled a month before, but, save myself, no one seemed interested in it. To me all San Francisco was a setting for that little bronze galleon on its granite shaft. Here, among strangers, in a strange land, was a bit of Scotland.

I spent a month in San Francisco. I explored it from Nob Hill to the Mission, from the Barbary Coast to Chinatown.

One day I was sitting in a dive on Kearney Street having a glass of beer. It was early, and there were few customers, but in the box overhead I heard shrill laughter and grunts of protest. The girls were "going through" a drunken sailor. Then something dropped from above and almost struck my feet. It was a five-dollar gold piece. I looked up and saw a struggle going on behind the red curtains. Then more money tumbled down, silver this time. I made a grab and got my hand full of sawdust; but somehow, in the midst of it I suspected there was good coin of the realm. So I rose and departed.

A little way down the street I examined my handful of sawdust. Besides the gold piece I found a silver dollar, two half-dollars, and a quarter. I thought I might see the sailor and return him his dough, so I passed the saloon on the other side of the street. Two girls and the waiter were on their knees groping amid the sawdust.

I never ran into the drunken sailor, but as I hunted for him I was getting the color of my surroundings. I was becoming tough, using the language of the roughneck, and behaving like one. However, I had moments when I reverted to gentler days and ways. Then I would go to the Stevenson Memorial and muse. In these moments, I felt the urge to write. This city, so vibrant with vitality, inspired me as never did another. I was in love with it, its lustiness, its colour, its exotic blend of East and West.

Then one day I awoke, stared at my last ten-dollar bill, and said: "Young fellow, where are you going to?"

I took to haunting employment agencies, until I saw on the blackboard of one of them: "Labourers wanted for Los Angeles area—Two dollars a day."

I held down that job for ten days. Most of my time was spent in the darkness of a tunnel that was to be part of an aqueduct. I saw little of the blue sky. When I went to work the sun had not appeared, and when I quit it was dark.

So, with a check for twenty dollars—which I discounted in Azuza for ten—I shouldered my pack one morning and started down the canyon.

ON the afternoon of Christmas Day, a ruddy young bindle stiff swung off a small train at its terminus and walked down a board platform to a wicket gate. At last he had arrived at one of the cities of his dreams—Los Angeles.

I walked its miles of silver streets that were like groves, thanking the gods I had lived for this. I discovered the Public Library, where I at once sought the poetry corner. Day after day I browsed. I wanted to write newspaper poetry, the kind that simple folks clip out and paste in scrap-books. I sent some specimens to the local papers, and they were promptly printed. In one, called "The Hobo's Lullaby", a line—"My belly's got a bulge with Christmas Cheer"—was typical of my tendency to the coarse and the concrete. Thus early I discovered that I would rather win the approval of a barman than the praise of a professor.

I read, roamed the streets, made rhymes, and dreamed. Oh, if it could only have lasted! But money was the key to my felicity, and mine was melting away.

In those days of semi-starvation, it never occurred to me to write home for help. I would have died rather than confess my humiliating plight. For, as months passed, I began to conceive of myself in terms of failure. I was now twenty-four and saw little ahead but hard work and poverty.

One morning I was passing an employment office when the clerk was writing something on the board. It read: MAN WANTED TO CARRY BANNER. I jumped forward.

"How much for the job?"

"A dollar a day for three days."

"Give me the address."

I hurried there. It was a shop on Main Street, and the owner was going out of business. The banner was made of canvas, stretched on a light wood frame. Printed in big red capitals was the proclamation: RETIREING SALE. I pointed to the mistake in spelling, but it almost cost me the job. The boss, who had printed the sign himself, said snappily: "I ain't askin' for no scholars round this establishment." Whereat I hastened to tell him he was probably right and I was wrong.

Well, it wasn't a bad job. I only wished it could have lasted longer. I wished I could have been a real sandwich man, with two banners balanced back and front. I suggested it to my boss, and he thought it was a good idea, only he did not think much of my further suggestion that two banners should be worth two dollars. However, the sale was at an end, and the situation with it.

Next I spent two weeks washing oranges. Then I put an advertisement in the paper. It read:

> Stone-broke in a strange city. Young man, University non-graduate, desires employment of any kind. Understands Latin and Greek. Speaks French, German and Chinook. Knowledge of book-keeping and shorthand; also of Art and Literature. Accept any job, but secretarial work preferred.

Through it I got a job as choreman for a family in San Diego, and when that ended I had thirty dollars. I swung once more onto the open road.

As I was so near to Mexico I decided it would be a pity not to visit that romantic land. So I trudged south till I arrived at a collection of hovels called Tia Juana. I thought it would be a bright idea to send home a post-card with the Mexican postmark. It would be so nice if Papa, in answer to inquiries, would be able to reply: "Oh, he's traveling in Mexico. Taking a little holiday from his arduous duties as a horticulturist."

Rambling, gipsy fashion, I reached a small town called Encenado. I was so tanned by the glare of the mesa that when I glimpsed myself in a mirror, I stared as at a stranger. For a day I remained in town, eating two square meals, drinking beer in taverns, and smoking my pipe. But I decided to go no further into Mexico. The monotony of the mesa was beginning to weary me. So, singing and strumming the guitar, I swung along barefoot till I was back at the outskirts of San Diego. From there I headed north again with a light heart.

There was a full moon and, as the nights were so cold, I decided to rest during the day. The moon seemed to affect me strangely, giving me a crazy feeling, as if I were an unreal person walking in a world of dream.

I camped on the outskirts of Los Angeles. In the early morning, I entered the city like a whipped dog. For suddenly I felt very tired and infinitely discouraged. I wanted to sleep in a bed again, and rest . . . rest. The Salvation Army quarters were cheap, so there I betook myself. During my tramp from San Diego I had spent only a dollar, and now I felt I was justified in blowing a couple more in riotous living. I would stay a week here while I meditated my next move.

Alongside me in a public square one day a man was reading a paper about a wonderful discovery of gold in a place called the Klondike. A TON OF GOLD COMES OUT OF THE FROZEN NORTH. Let it come. It did not interest me a bit. *The Klondike.* Bah! Let others seek their fortune in that icy land. Give me the sunshine and the South.

While walking through a land of lemon groves I asked an old man for a drink. From his adobe cottage he brought me a glass of water, into which he squeezed a lemon. As I drank, he eyed my guitar wistfully; then going into the cottage he returned with a mandolin.

"Maybe we maka da music?"

After several attempts we succeeded very nicely. He asked me to share his dinner, and when I rose to go he appeared to have something on his mind.

"I lika you stop. We maka de music. Mucha beautiful music." Then he offered me a job for five days. He had an old mule and a weeder, so for the rest of the week I went up and down his lemon grove and cleaned it. I could dream and make verse in the quietness all about me. I thought: How happy could I be in a lemon grove with books and music.

But the best of times comes to an end. He gave me five dollars and said good-bye. "No mora de music," he said mournfully. He hinted that soon he was to die, and that if I would stay and work the place, he would leave it to me. But I felt I could not profit by his weakness, so I went on my way. A dark, sallow old Italian, with such sad eyes in a grooved face—I will always think of him with gentleness and regret. . . .

BY devious ways I returned to Los Angeles. There in the square were the same old crocks and misfits. Would I become like them?

The man next me on the bench arose and left his paper. My eyes fell on a bit of news about British Columbia. Suddenly I decided I would return there, and that very night I took the boat for the North.

In the years I stayed there I was cowman, storekeeper, school teacher, and at last bank clerk.

From time to time I read exciting stories of the Klondike, but I gave them little heed. It was all so remote and inaccessible. Our bank boys had gone in there in "ninety-eight," and we heard of their adventures and the hardships they had endured. It was considered the height of good luck to be sent north.

I will never forget the morning the Manager beckoned me into his room. "You are being transferred to White Horse," he said.

In a daze I went into the outer office. The others were staring at me. "It's the Yukon," I said. Envy was in their eyes. As for me, I had to take a firm grip on myself, and it was some time before the significance of the change began to sink in. Yet I was sorry to leave that branch. Life there had been delightful. At the coast I received my outfit allowance, bought a coonskin coat for a hundred dollars, and put the rest in my pocket. As I stepped on the boat for Skagway, I had an idea that a new and wonderful chapter in my life was about to begin.

Skagway was wreathed in rain when I took the train for White Horse. But immediately the snow began, and soon there were six feet of it on either side of the climbing track.

As I stepped onto the White Horse platform it seemed jammed with coonskin coats. But for the rosy faces of

the men inside them, it might have been a coon carnival. Then one of them addressed me.

"Better put on your coat."

"I'm not cold. How cold is it?"

"About thirty below. You don't feel it because you're a cheechaco. Your blood's like soup. When you've been here a year you'll get cold-conscious . . . By the way, I'm your Manager. Come along to the house."

So there and then I began what was to be one of the happiest periods of my life. For I found a real home such as I had not enjoyed since I left my own. There were four of us, the Manager, his wife, the Teller, and myself, and we surely made things sparkle.

I reckon that about my only claim to social consideration at this time was as an entertainer, and a pretty punk one at that. I could sing a song and vamp an accompaniment, but mainly I was a prize specimen of that ingenuous ass, the amateur reciter.

I was asked to take part in a church concert, and was pondering over the problem when I ran into Stroller White, the editor of the *White Horse Star.* The Stroller was a remarkable man, a noted humorist of the North. Occasionally I had sent him bits of verse which he had accepted cordially. Now he addressed me: "I hear you're going to do a piece at the church concert. Why don't you write a poem for it? Give us something about our own bit of earth. We sure would appreciate it. There's a rich paystreak waiting for some one to work. Why don't you go in and stake it?"

The idea intrigued me, but I hadn't the foggiest notion how to proceed. As I returned from my walk I had nothing doped out. It was a Saturday night, and from the various bars I heard sounds of revelry. The line popped into my mind: "A bunch of the boys were whooping it up," and it stuck there. Good enough for a start.

When I got home I did not want to disturb the sleeping house; but I was on fire to get started, so I crawled softly

down to the dark office. I would work in my teller's cage. But I had not reckoned with the ledger-keeper in the guard room. Suddenly he heard a noise near the safe. Burglars! Looking through the trap-door he saw a furtive shadow. He gripped his revolver, and closing his eyes he pointed it at the skulking shape. . . . With the sensation of a bullet whizzing past my head, and a detonation ringing in my ears, the *Shooting of Dan McGrew* was achieved.

It came so easily to me in my excited state that I was amazed at my facility. It was as if some one was whispering in my ear. As I wrote stanza after stanza, the story seemed to evolve of itself. Before I crawled to bed at five in the morning, my ballad was in the bag.

That's the story behind "McGrew," which, owing to the cuss-words, I could not recite at the church concert after all. I put the Lady Lou away in a drawer and forgot about her.

I did not write anything more for a month. Then one evening at a party I met a big mining man from Dawson. Portly and important, he was smoking a big cigar with a gilt band. Suddenly he said: "I'll tell you a story Jack London never got." Then he spun a yarn of a man who cremated his pal. It had a surprise climax which occasioned much laughter. I still remember how a great excitement seized me. Here was a perfect ballad subject.

I excused myself and took my leave. It was one of those nights of brilliant moonlight that almost goad me to madness. I took the woodland trail, my mind seething with excitement and a strange ecstasy. As I started in: *There are strange things done in the midnight sun*, verse after verse developed with scarce a check. For six hours I tramped those silver glades, and when I rolled happily into bed, my ballad was cinched. "McGee" was to be the keystone of my success.

I carelessly put my second ballad with my first and went my unsuspecting way. But in the two months that followed, I wrote something every day, and always on my lonely walks on the trails. Words and rhymes came to me without any effort. I bubbled verse like an artesian well. I wrote the "Spell of the Yukon," "The Law of the Yukon" and many others. I wrote of human nature, of the life of a mining camp, of the rough miners and the dance-hall girls. And every day my pile of manuscripts grew higher, and I piled my shirts on them and forgot them. My bits of verse lay neglected for more than a year.

ONE day I was cleaning out my bureau when I came on that pile. I looked at it bitterly. How much time had I wasted in idle scribbling! Then a fantastic idea came to me. Reading it over I thought some of the stuff wasn't half bad. Then Fate took a hand. I had just received a hundred-dollar bonus for Christmas, so I decided that, instead of sending it to swell my savings, I would squander it in egregious authorship. I visioned a tiny volume of verse. I would get a hundred copies printed, and maybe during my lifetime I could bestow them, with apologetic wistfulness, on my kindly acquaintances.

But before I staked my hundred dollars, my Scotch mind suggested that I might find some sucker to share my risk. So I went to the village Shylock, a fellow Scot, from whom I occasionally borrowed a ten spot at an interest rate of ten per cent a month.

"I've written a book," I said. "I'm having it published. Do you want to buy a half-interest? It will cost you fifty dollars."

"Whit's yer book about?"

"Oh, just poetry."

"Poetry!" He almost leapt into the air. "D'ye take me for daft? Who buys poetry in this blasted burg? Not a damned soul. Look at all them padded poets I've had on my shelf for years. Now if it was stories like that Rex Beach writes, well, I might consider it. But poetry, laddie, oh, no."

Years after, when he realized that his fifty dollars would have brought him in about fifty thousand, I think it broke his heart.

I arranged my pieces, retyped them and sent them to a firm of publishers who did amateur work. I did not register the envelope, I felt so careless and indifferent, and told myself: "Silly ass! Why didn't you burn the stuff?" I had ordered a hundred copies, or as many as my check would cover.

One day I had a letter from the publisher. It was quite a long letter, and it returned my check. It seemed that when they sent the manuscript to their composing room, the foreman noticed how quickly the type-setting had been completed. "The fastest job ever done in the office," he said. Taking the galley proofs to the office, he had shown them around. One of the traveling salesmen had scanned them carelessly, then become suddenly enthusiastic. He was an amateur reciter, and it was the McGee ballad that attracted him. He said: "Here, let me see . . . This looks like the real thing." He had declaimed it to the staff with great effect. Then he cried: "Say, just lemme have those proofs. Maybe I can sell this stuff."

He did. He went around the trade reciting McGee, and booking orders so fast it made his head swim. They had sold seventeen hundred copies from the galley proofs alone, and only in their city. Would I allow them to be my publishers, and they would pay me a ten per cent royalty on a dollar book?

Would I? I telegraphed acceptance so quick I did not give them a chance to change their minds.

The first spring mail brought me a package containing copies of my brain baby. I gave them away apologetically, and they were received with embarrassment. People in that town hardly ever read verse, and now I was putting them in a spot. They would be forced to scan my

book, to pay me the compliments politeness demanded. That was taking a mean advantage of friendship.

But already the book was being sold in the shops of the town. My Shylock had taken twenty copies on the understanding that I would take them off his hands if he got stuck with them. But soon he came to me, looking bewildered.

"Say, laddie, I've sold out all them books I ordered. Could ye jist let me have a dizzen of yours at the trade price?" So I let him have them out of the two dozen I had ordered for myself, and he went off happy. In three days he was back again to say he was sold out and had telegraphed to the publisher for half a hundred by the first mail.

I felt a little guilty. My book did not seem to me worth a dollar. It was a shame to take the money.

One morning the chief deacon came to the bank where I was counting cash. His voice was dry, his manner sour. He said: "My wife's been reading your book, and she and the ladies of the sewing-circle think that it is a pity you should have written so much about the bad women of the town and said nothing about the good ones."

"Well," I said, scratching my head, "we take the good ones for granted."

With the opening of the season, citizens returned from the Outside with the news that my book was a good seller. It was said I was making real money, yes, hun-

dreds of dollars, out of it. And to most, money was the standard of success. If a book sold well, why, it must be good. If a man made money, well, he must be smart.

So ended another season. Then the snows came, sparkling zero weather and the Yukon we all loved. But I was not to enjoy another winter there. I was told I was due for a three months' leave, and was forced to take a long holiday *with* pay. I bade good-bye to White Horse with great regret.

Back in British Columbia, I lived in a boarding-house. I revisited the scenes of my former hardships. I tried to imagine I was again broke and friendless, hugging myself when I realized I was neither. In the raw, damp weather I caught colds, from which in the Yukon I was immune. Then there was the chance I might not be sent back to the North. That would be a catastrophe. I realized how much I loved the Yukon, and how something in my nature linked me to it.

So my hapless holiday passed, and the day came when I must report to the Inspector. He made no reference to my literary effort, but then none of the bank officials did. I think they resented my trespass into the Land of Letters, for they ignored my book. If they had known it would ultimately sell a million copies, maybe they would have been more cordial.

But perhaps under the Inspector's frosty exterior beat a sympathetic heart that was willing to give a puling poet a break. Yes, I believe that; for he said: "You're going back to the North. I have decided to send you to Dawson as teller."

As I went north again my mood was of serene happiness and of faith in the future. I was keen to get on the job. I wanted to write the story of the Yukon from the inside, and the essential story of the Yukon was that of the Klondike.

Oh, but it was good to get away from the muggy coast, and to greet the great silence of the snows! Even the loneliness was friendly, for it was in harmony with my spirit. And this feeling has never left me. Of all my life, the eight years I spent there are the ones I would most like to live over.

FROM White House north to Dawson was six days by open sleigh. The temperature was about thirty below zero. With bells jingling, we swept through a fairy land of crystalline loveliness, each pine bough freighted with lace and gems, and a stillness that made silence seem like sound. Day after day, serene and sunny solitude, as we hunched in our coon coats, half doped by the monotony of bitter brightness.

Our breath froze on our fur collars; our lashes and eyebrows were hoar; our cheeks pinky bright, as we took shallow breaths of the Arctic air. Every now and then the driver would have to break icicles out of the nostrils of his horses. Sometimes the sleigh would upset, and often we would have to get out and push through waist-high snow-drifts. Twice a day we stopped at road-houses to change horses.

When we got to Dawson I went to interview the manager. He was in his office reading his morning mail. In a crisp voice he bade me be seated. He addressed me sharply by my surname, and I sirred him respectfully, and he gave me my orders. And all the time I was saying: "Oh, hell! How long, how long?"

But that day as I was balancing my cash he came to me examining a thousand-dollar check I had received, and scratching his head. "All this money," he said. "What does it represent?"

"Verse," I said. "Just verse."

He looked bewildered. "It's a strange world." He sighed. I agreed it was indeed a strange world.

The more easy money one gets the more one wants—up to a certain point. With me it was the five-thousand-dollar mark. To attain that I cultivated thrift to the point of frugality. On Sunday I allowed myself a cigar after dinner, and lit it on the way to church. But when I arrived at the door, it would be only half smoked, so I would stick it in the snow and retrieve it when I came out.

As time went on I found that my chief aim was to draw my salary and to do as little as possible for it. And this growing dislike for my job increased my determination to be done with it for good.

By all precedents my second book should have been a failure. It was forced. It was a product of the midnight oil. A first book is rarely written. It just happens. It is usually a compilation of happy efforts, composed with no thought of a book. A second book is deliberately intended, sometimes even written to order. It is self-conscious, premeditated. There is a difference in collecting scattered verse for a volume, and constructively making one. My second book should have been a dud.... Well, it wasn't. It succeeded because it was steeped in the spirit of the Klondike. It was written on the spot and reeking with reality.

HAVING completed my five-thousand-dollar plan I entered into a second one. Ten thousand would put me in a spot where I could thumb my nose at the world. And it looked as if that delightful gesture might not be far off. My American royalties, coming in an ever-increasing flow, were augmented from England.

After making a book by furiously working for four months, I let my pen lie idle for another twenty-four. I loathed the thought of writing. Clear of my work by four o'clock, I would go for a two-hour tramp up the snowy trail along the Klondike. At night, if there was a moon, I might climb to the Midnight Dome. The evenings gave me a choice of diversion. There was always the skating rink with bands twice a week, and although Dawson was on the skids there were still numbers of pretty girls.

There were also snowshoe parties when we climbed the spruce-clad hills to the glow of torches. Or straw rides on sleighs, singing to the jingle of bells as we returned to the mess for supper.

We had two dances a week and frequent balls. There were also card parties and dinners. At dinners, even in the best-heated circles, one's feet were freezing under the table. Silk socks and patent leather shoes were poor protection against the Arctic cold. Better be snug in bed with a Whodunit yarn.

Yes, it was a glorious time—not much work, lots of fun, money flowing in. I was in the pink of health and incredibly happy. I recited at concerts and helped with dramatic shows. I danced into the small hours. I did everything but curl, drink whisky and play poker. I looked on curling as an old man's game, while hooch and cards meant spending money, and I was determined to save mine. For my precious capital was mounting month by month and freedom glowed before me like a star.

But with summer all that changed. The rush of work absorbed our vitality again and social pleasure almost ceased. Once more I was kept busy in the bank and the best I could do was to take a fishing trip on Sunday. I usually went up the Klondike, and it was on these excursions the idea came to me: "Why don't you write a novel of the gold rush? The most colourful episode in Northern History is there to be put in fiction form. No other writer knows the Yukon as you do. There's your chance. It's really up to you."

So wrapped in delicious dreams the summer passed and once more winter locked us in. But to my disgust I found I could not settle down to write. Then I realized that I needed seclusion. Contact with others threw me off my literary stride.

One day I was brooding over this when the Manager called me to his private room. "What have I done now?" I thought, and felt I did not care very much. He told me to take a chair.

"I have here," he said impressively, "a telegram from the Inspector. You are appointed relieving Manager at White Horse and are to report immediately. That means you'll have to leave by the first stage. Short notice, but it's promotion and I congratulate you."

A manager's job! Why, it would worry me to death. I am a meek soul. I cannot give orders to others, though I find it hard to take them. I could not refuse a customer a loan, though I would be afraid to grant him one. I would lie awake nights worrying over my securities.

I said: "I know I should jump at this job. There's only

one obstacle in the way. It's just that I'm . . . resigning. I'm giving three months' notice."

There! The monumental decision was taken. I breathed freely again. I went on: "You see, sir, my literary work is having considerable vogue at present. I want to follow it up by writing more books when the going's good."

He gave me a long look. "If it's a fair question, how much are you making?"

"Oh, about five thousand a year from my books and a thousand from the bank. Six in all."

"Why, it's more than I'm making myself." Then like magic his manner changed. He dropped the manager stuff and met me as man to man. "You're probably right. Nothing like striking while the iron's hot. Grasp your opportunities."

I GOT myself a cabin high on the hill-side. Behind it was the mountain; below, the valley of the Yukon. But what attracted me was a pair of moose horns that branched above the door. They seemed a symbol of success, like the Winged Victory.

The cabin was of logs with a porch on which I slung a hammock. There was a sitting-room and bedroom.

Came the day when I was due to leave the bank. I made my usual entries in the books, told myself I was doing them for the last time. I put away the friendly tools of my trade and looked round the office where I had passed so many peaceful hours. I kept saying: "It is the last time I will ever do this . . . and this."

Next day I trudged up the hill with my belongings and installed myself in my new home. What a wonderful morning that was! With what joy I arranged my cabin! As I stood on the porch looking down on the town, my heart was bursting with gratitude.

My morning meal of ham and eggs I took in a bakery kept by an old Norwegian. I attracted others there and soon his place became a centre for light refreshment and social gossip.

I kept fantastic hours. Sometimes it would be two o'clock in the afternoon when I had breakfast. Once I went earlier, but the main street was abustle with lunch-hour animation. It gave me an uneasy feeling to see those people working while I was doing nothing.

One afternoon I went down to the bank and interviewed the Manager. I asked: "How much do bank shares bring in?"

"About five per cent."

"Can you buy me ten thousand dollars' worth?"

"Certainly. Just give me your check."

So I got quite a thrill writing my first big check. The stock boomed and bonuses were frequent. In those days I seemed to have the Midas touch, but strangely enough I did not care any more.

I COULD not get started to work. I was still savouring the joy of perfect freedom. Despite a few pangs of conscience, I was perfectly happy doing nothing at all. But I was absorbing Yukon lore by every pore. I went long tramps up the valley of the Klondike and visited its famous creeks. I stayed in roadhouses and lonely cabins. I listened to the yarns of old-timers.

Then one day I received a telegram from a big New York publisher: "Would be interested in Yukon novel. Will pay ten per cent royalty. Wire if accept." I wired back: "Will write novel but want fifteen per cent." By return I received a telegram agreeing to my terms. There, I was once more committed to servitude.

At last my novel was complete in a bulky and untidy manuscript. Nothing to do but send it to the publisher in New York. Then I hesitated; I was afraid. If it was lost I could never reproduce it. All that labour of heart and brain would be wasted. . . .

I had a swift idea—why not take it to the publisher myself? Like a flash I decided to do it.

THE only part of New York I really liked was the Bowery, and after a short stay in the city I again felt the call of the road.

Of course I had to make a last theatrical gesture, so I remarked with elaborate casualness to my publishers: "I think I'll take a little stroll as far as New Orleans."

I bought a celluloid collar and a small valise to sling on my back, but I could not travel the hard way any more. I could not sleep out. People took me for a pedlar. When I explained I was making a walking-tour they seemed to think I was a little crazy, or was fleeing from justice.

But I would not have minded if the weather had been good; day after day it rained, sleeted, snowed. From a twenty-mile-a-day start I dropped to ten.

Then one day, after tramping three weeks, I found myself resting in the station of a little town just outside Philadelphia. It was raining, but nice and warm in the waiting-room. As I sat there half dozing, a surly looking man began to sweep out the floor. He kept giving me dirty looks, and in the end he addressed me: "You better move on. You cannot sleep in de waitin' room."

I glared and went over to the ticket office. "Give me a ticket," I said, "for Philadelphia." Then I had a brain rush. "No," I added, "better make it New Orleans."

From New Orleans I went to Havana. One day I sat on the Prado turning over the pages of an American magazine. My eyes fell on an article headed: *I Had a Good Mother.* Suddenly I thought: I, too, had a perfectly good mother. She was living in Alberta and I had not seen her for thirteen years. I would do the prodigal son in reverse. I would return to the old homestead, pay off the mortgage and make the acquaintance of my family.

THROUGH the deep snow a toe-path led to the frame farm-house. As I knocked on the frosted door it was cautiously opened to reveal the face of a very pretty girl. This must be one of my sisters, I thought; but which one I could not guess, so I said: "I represent the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Perhaps I could interest you in that monumental enterprise."

At that the door was opened wide enough to reveal a cosy kitchen. A little elderly woman was washing dishes at the sink, and a tall comely girl was thawing out a newly born calf by the stove. Then the little woman came forward drying her hands.

"Why, if it isn't our Willie." We Scotch are economical of our emotions. We exchanged the same conventional kiss we had indulged in when I left, nearly fifteen years before. My sisters were introduced and I pecked at their cheeks.

"What about a cup of tea, Ma," I said. "I could do with a spot."

"I'll put the kettle on right away."

Two stalwart boys came in and were made acquainted with me—my brothers. They grinned and we shook hands.

The farm-house and barns stood on a section of rolling land, and half of it was under wheat. My mother had settled there because it was a Scotch community. Many of the settlers were from our own city. Despite a strange and cloudless sky it was like a bit of Scotland.

My mother was a valorous little woman. Having ten children did not seem to have impaired her vitality, but perhaps had bolstered it; for she lived to be eighty-five and played a good game of bridge to the last. She had very rosy cheeks and very blue eyes. Her recreations were cards and detective novels. She laughed a lot. Young people flocked to the house every evening because she loved the company of youth and always felt young herself.

So every night it was just like a party in that house. Young fellows swarmed round my pretty sisters like bees. We often had Scotch friends for meals, and rarely have I heard such hearty laughter as resounded round our board. Yet my family were poor people. The farm did not pay, and only my mother's income of two hundred a year kept it going. I remember when I presented my sisters with small checks how pathetic was their joy, and how they spent hours over the catalogues of the big mail-order houses.

One day I was roaming the prairie, enjoying my own society but thinking of getting home for tea, when suddenly I noticed that a gloom had come over the sky. The sun was dimmed by a haze and there was a smell of burning on the breeze. Then I saw that the southern horizon was obscured by a gray cowl of smoke that mo-

mently grew closer. . . . It dawned on me that this must be that most dreaded of menaces—a prairie fire. With rising excitement I watched it. I saw groups of trees in its path suddenly engulfed and lightnings dart from the black fumes. The smoke towered like a wall; the crackling and roaring increased, and like a tide the fire came on, overwhelming everything in its way. Flights of birds were streaming past me while the dry meadow grass was alive with small animals fleeing.

Now I could see the lapping waves of fire overrunning the rank hay grass, and bushes flaring into a blaze. The smoky wall extended on both sides and was fiercely pursuing me. I remembered there was a slough near, and with a wild sprint I gained it. Cowering deep in the water I saw the flames surge to the shore. The slough was about three hundred yards long and fifty yards wide, too far for the fire to leap. It frizzled the sedges in the shallows, but was checked by the deep water, where I cowered half suffocated. However, I saw that soon it would circle the pool, sweep round and roll on victori-

ously. And there on the other side, a quarter of a mile away, was the farm-house on its slight rise of ground. Half swimming, half floundering, I crossed the water and ran for home.

Arrived there I found excitement and fear in possession. One of my brothers was trying to hold the frightened horses while the other ploughed a furrow around the barns. My sisters were fixing sacks on brooms to beat down the flames. I got a shovel and joined them. The fire came on with such fury it seemed to engulf us, but when it met the double furrow the boys had ploughed, it faltered. Then the five of us fought it up and down the furrow, flailing madly. For some time it was touch and go; till at last we got the burning spear-grass beaten to a smoulder and saw the flaring smoke canopy pass us on either side. We were saved but quite exhausted, and over our tea we talked hysterically of the ruin we had escaped.

WITH spring came the old temptation to take the trail. So I took staff and satchel and started out. I had no idea where I was going, but the North drew me like a magnet.

I marched twenty miles a day. The prairie was settled by communities of many peoples. One night I would be in a Norwegian village, the next in a Roumanian settlement, then in a district where only French was spoken.

For ten days I tramped, and must have covered two hundred miles. I wanted to keep going till I reached the land of the Midnight Sun. And then it was I made up my mind I was going back to Dawson the hard way. No more easy trips by boat and train and sleigh. I would pack and track like the pioneers. I would go in over the old Edmonton trail.

So I went back to the homestead and announced: "I'm returning to Dawson." There was general surprise. One said: "Are you crazy? You have the whole world before you. You are free, well off. And here you are going back to a ghost town."

"That's just what I want," I said. "My family are delightful, but I want to smoke my pipe and dream in the great stillness. I see my little cabin on the hill. It's calling me to return, to swing in my hammock, with the moose antlers arching over the door."

Yes, I felt the Yukon was my country. I knew it better than most. I had spent the happiest years of my life there and I had written:

> There's a Land and it beckons and beckons,
> And I want to go back, and I will.

I TOOK the stage-coach from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing. It was a two-day trip, and we stopped over night at a roadhouse. There was a shiny automobile which claimed to go there and back in the same day. "Tain't possible," said the driver of the stage, contemptuously squirting a stream of tobacco juice in its direction. "It's all of a hundred miles and that young jerk thinks he can make it with his benzene buggy in four hours. I'd hate to take a chance on it. Machines ain't never agoin' to take the place o' hosses."

I agreed with him. It would have been nice to arrive in Athabasca Landing for lunch instead of two days later, but, "It can't be done," I told the driver.

"Never will be done," he said, cracking his whip. "Oh, I grant you there's some good in machines—sewing-machines and harvesters and the like, but it don't do to expect too much. Horseless carriages ain't practical. Why, some day some crazy mutt will be claiming that they can make us fly in the air like birds. It don't make sense." I agreed it didn't. And later on, I more than agreed; for the car that passed us so proudly was stuck in a mudhole. The chauffeur hailed us and we pulled it out. The springs were broken, so we left it by the road.

There were other passengers on the stage. Two were Englishmen—brothers, one a mining engineer, the other a naval officer. They were going into the Coppermine country to prospect, and had an outfit for two years. A third was travelling with them, a Swedish doctor who was inclined to be melancholy.

Athabasca Landing was then a huddle of shacks; but it was booming, and that night at the hotel it was difficult to get a seat for dinner. My neighbour was a grizzled old-timer. When I offered him a cigarette he said: "I ain't got no use for them pimp-sticks." He told me of how he had discovered an old Indian woman on an island in the river, where she had been left to die according to the custom of the tribe. He said: "I made a raft, dumped her on it and started her downstream. I figgered that drownin' was better than starvin' to death."

We could not get beds at the hotel, so a Chinaman who ran a hash joint let us sleep in his back room. It was bare but clean. I spread my blanket on the floor and rolled in it. I cannot say I slept like a top, for the floor was no softer than any other, but I gloried in its very hardness. I was roughing it again.

The Landing was abustle with spring activity and the Hudson's Bay Company was the center of all movement. Next morning I went into the office where two men were standing over a blueprint. It was a plan of the newly conceived townsite.

"There you are," said one, "a chance to make your fortune. There's a corner lot you can have for three hundred dollars. In time it will be worth three thousand." If he had said "thirty thousand" he might have been nearer the mark. At that time I think I had enough money to buy up the whole townsite; but I am glad I did not, for then I might have been a multimillionaire, and such a fate I would not wish on any one.

I was introduced to the second of the two, and right there I met the great man of the Mackenzie. Just as Joe Boyle was King of the Yukon, so Jim Cornwall was Lord of the Athabasca. They were of similar type, stalwart and handsome. With their strong frames and bold features they might have been Roman emperors. They typified all that the word Man implies. Both were pioneers, fearless, confident, dominating. Great men of the High North—Klondike Joe and Peace River Jim.

At an early hour the following day we started out for Fort MacMurray. We had two canoes, in one of which were the two English brothers, and in the other the melancholy Swedish doctor, an Indian guide, and myself. Henry the guide was young and husky but inclined to be sullen. He sat in the stern while I sat in the bow and the doctor amidships. We all paddled vigorously; that is, the doctor and I did. Henry seemed to think that his duty lay in steering, though the river was smooth and offered no obstacles.

Sitting in the bow of a canoe slipping down a strange

stream is a joy hard to match. Especially if the river has a good current, is narrow and deep, and turns corners every few hundred yards.

We made camp just before nightfall. I put up my little mosquito tent, cut some brush, spread my slicker over it and used my kit-bag for a pillow. We had suppor of tinned soup, bacon, jam and tea. In the morning we had bacon, tea and marmalade.

At dinner I learned the reason for the lack of geniality on the part of Henry. The scows bearing supplies for the Company's posts had gone downstream a few days before. He should have made one of a hilarious party, but he had been told to wait behind and take me in a canoe. He missed his merry comrades and resented me. I reciprocated his resentment. Through long unuse my canoe muscles were flabby, and putting them to work for nine hours aroused them to painful protest. They were reluctant to resume on the second day, but there was no respite for them. The Britannic Brothers surged ahead, and for the honour of Scotland and Sweden we had to keep up.

Fortunately the river widened and became more interesting. We were in an oil region. The banks showed signs of it. In spots they looked like asphalt. There was a strong odour of oil in the air; a scum floated on the water and when we flung down lighted matches the near-by river was covered with a blue flame. Toward evening we heard a roaring in the distance. It grew louder and soon we came on the cause of it. Rising about twenty feet into the air was a flaming jet of natural gas. It had been vigorous and vocal for twenty-five years, and I am told it is roaring and blazing to this day.

ON the afternoon of the third day we caught up with the fleet of the Company. A dozen barges were strung along the bank. We were allotted one of them and the canoes were lifted on board. As I joyfully relinquished my paddle, I marked for the first time a grin on the face of Henry. He said: "You heap good canoe man. You work very good. Next time I let you take him steer." We parted friends, but as I ruefully massaged my aching muscles, I resolved there would be no next time.

Next morning we went on toward Fort MacMurray after a ham-and-egg breakfast. I had nothing to do now but make myself comfy and behold the banks go by. Also, I was able to enjoy my laziness the more by watching the work of others. For the barge was propelled by Indians with huge oars.

The only exciting spot on the trip was the descent of a series of rapids. The Engineer suggested we get out a canoe and run them. It was a needless bit of bravado, but I felt I must take part. So I sat in the bow as we tackled the tossing river. I loosened the laces of my high boots and when we reached the danger point I prudently slipped them off. The Engineer gave me a contemptuous look, but he happened to be wearing moccasins. He warned me to sit still and leave everything to him; but when a big boulder suddenly shot up I poked it out of the way. We slewed sideways, half turned over, and it looked nasty. However, a canoe takes a lot of upsetting, and before I had time to be scared we were in smooth water. Behind us was a swirling, tossing welter of white foam and brown boulders.

But if we got through triumphantly others were not so fortunate. One of the barges ran on a rock and had to be hauled off. The steersman said he was so distracted by our adventure he could not concentrate on his own job. The accident was blamed on our canoe and from then on we were forbidden to do these silly stunts.

From Fort MacMurray, where we stayed a week, a steamer took us on the next stage of our journey.

AT Smith's Landing our boat trip came to an end. A series of rapids made the river impossible to navigate, so the cargo had to be carried over a twenty-mile portage to Fort Smith, where we took another steamer.

At Great Slave Lake I became the possessor of the finest birch-bark canoe in the North. I bought it from an old Indian who was considered the best canoe-maker of his tribe. He judged it his masterpiece and truly it was like a flame upon the water. A gaudy patchwork of purple, scarlet, primrose and silver, it danced on the ripple as lightly as a leaf. The old man sighed as he parted with it. He had gone far to select the bark. He had sewn it with wood fibre and lashed it with willow wands. There was not a nut nor a nail anywhere. It had taken him a year to fashion, and now he looked at it with the sadness of an artist who sees his finest work being sold. With reluctance he took the twenty-five dollars I offered him. I christened the craft *Coquette*.

After we left Fort Simpson, we embarked on the mighty Mackenzie. We visited a score of Forts and met many Factors who hailed from the Hebrides. Highlandmen make the best officers of the Company, because they are hardy, used to loneliness and good traders. It is a saturnine life that takes men of determined sanity to endure it.

I remember a landing in the gray dawn, where three men were huddled over a tiny fire, eating breakfast of fried bacon. One was an old Scotch guide who was reckoned tough even in a land where most are inured to hardship. The second was a tall Englishman with a monocle. Straight and slim he stood, sipping his coffee that steamed in the eager air. He spoke with a soft voice and a nonchalant drawl.

"Just come out of the Barren Lands," he said casually. "Went in after musk ox. . . . No, didn't bag a single head. The other chaps had all the luck. . . . But I'm going in again and hope to do better."

Here was the son of an earl, who preferred to rough it in the wilds. He was blue-eyed and blond, with the look of a viking. He said he liked the life and had no desire to return to England.

At one of the posts where we stopped an Indian came to report that a cabin belonging to two trappers had been closed for a month or more. The men had not been seen. An investigation seemed advisable, so we set out in two canoes. There was a captain of the Mounties, a sergeant, two troopers and several others. We saw the cabin from far off, situated on a high bluff. In its very stillness there was something sinister.

The door was bolted, but the sergeant and a trooper picked up a log and charged it.

Everything was tidy, even clean. On two bunks, one over the other, two bodies were lying. On the floor lay a rifle and in it one discharged shell. An empty vial of carbolic acid lay near. Near the bunk was a small note-

book with a glazed cover. Here, to the best of my memory, is the gist of that diary:

Spud gets more peevish every day. Seems I've picked a punk for a partner. We're just beginning the winter. If I could quit I would. . .

We are snapping at one another like crazy curs.

Later: Spud gets more and more cranky. I believe he hates me. I think he would like to kill me.

A week later: We are no more on speaking terms. Today he walked round the table rather than ask me to pass the sugar. He makes me afraid, staring at me with his big, glassy eyes. . .

Then in an entry in a nervous, shaky hand: We had a fight. He got hold of this diary and tried to read it. We wrestled for it. I got it back but we had a hellish scrap. Now he wants a chance to kill me. Well, I must get him first.

Then: Have decided to kill Spud. Will blow out his brains with my rifle.

A last entry, almost indecipherable: Have killed poor Spud. He was sleeping and would never know. Now I must kill myself. Curse this cruel land! It drives us crazy. God forgive me. Good-bye, folks. . . .

WE were nearing the mouth of the muddy Mackenzie. The river had grown so wide that from one bank the other was dim on the horizon. The shores were clay, rising to levels of tundra with low hills in the far distance. A ghastly, God-forsaken land.

Fort Macpherson, on a high bluff overlooking the junction of the Mackenzie and the Peel, was just like other Posts, only more important. The Factor was an old man called John North who had spent his life in the service of the Company. He sold me sacks of flour and sides of bacon and gave me good advice. It was mostly: "Don't. Don't go on. Go back the way you came, like a good little boy."

Another pessimist was the officer of the Mounties. "Don't you do it," he said. "Just think of the Lost Patrol." I did think of it and was impressed. Every winter a police force of three made the cross-country trip to the Yukon and back. It was a notable achievement, calling for skill and stamina. But the last party had failed to reach Dawson and an expedition had been sent in search of them.

On the flat near the river a tribe of Eskimos were camped, and I set up my tent among them. They were semi-civilized, for they had gramophones that played hymns and they punished their children. I saw one urchin being chastised. The mother held his hand as with a strip of whalebone she pounded his palm. It reminded me of my own boyhood, but I never howled so lustily as that kid.

I became friendly with the Chief. He gave me a fishhook of walrus ivory, and I gave him my safety razor. I reckoned if I was going to blaze a trail to the Yukon I would be more in character with a beard.

In a few days the steamer started south, severing my last link with civilization. I bade farewell to friends who looked at me with mournful eyes, as if they never expected to see me again. Well, that was that. I was doomed to get out the hard way or spend the winter in the Arctic.

My first idea had been to get Indians to go with me as far as the Divide and from there shove off on my own. It would be all downstream, on rivers easy to navigate. But I found the Indians would not carry my canoe to headwaters. The distance was over a hundred miles and the trail almost impassable. It was doubtful if the frail craft could stand the trip. Though I offered to pay them their winter's rations they steadfastly refused. In the North money could not buy everything.

It seemed I was up a blind alley. Then an unbelievable bit of luck happened to me.

One day while loafing on the beach with my friends the Eskimos I saw a scow come up the river. Two men were sculling while a woman squatted in the stern. As they drew near I went to meet them. One man was big, with a fiery beard and a bold belly. The other was small, with a gray bristle. A poke bonnet and Mother Hubbard could not conceal the woman's comeliness.

"I'm Captain McTosh," said the big man, "of the gallant craft *Ophelia*, en route for Dawson. She's going to be the first scow to cross the Rockies. How would you like to sign on as her crew?"

"Okay with me," I said; so there and then it was arranged I was to share the effort and the expense. Hurrah! I thought: soon I will be back in my little cabin, my troubles over.

THE mate of the *Ophelia* was the rat-gray little man. His name was Jake Skilly. "I'm a trapper," he told me. "Mac's a lousy trader."

"Now, Jake," said the Lady who was Mrs. McTosh, "don't be mean. Ever since we left you've done nothing but grizzle."

"I'm not sayin' a word agin you, ma'am. You're the finest little woman in the Arctic."

"Considering I'm the only one. You know, I came north on our honeymoon," she told me. "I thought it would be romantic, but I don't know. . . . McTosh, being Scotch, took a honeymoon trip by himself just before he married me. He went right round the world, gave himself a grand time. But wait till I get Outside. Won't I make things sparkle."

She was a lively one, as pretty as she was peppy. With resignation and a copy of Shakespeare she had followed her red-haired Romeo into the wilderness. I could see them cooped in their cabin through the Long Night, reading William by the light of a seal-oil lamp. A tough part for a woman to play, but she was made of rare stuff.

"McTosh is a free trader," she said, "and hates the Company. Nothing would make him set foot on their steamer. Hence *Ophelia*."

Jake, too, hated the Company, and for no price would he sell them a pelt. He was one of half a dozen white men who thought nothing of going off alone into the winter wild, of building an ice house in the blizzard, of living on raw fish. He boasted that he and Stefansson were the only two who could live off the land. He had traplines on the Mackenzie Delta and his pack of white fox ran into hundreds of skins.

The Eskimos crowded down to see us off. I had Jake with me in the canoe, while in the scow were the trader and his wife, with two Indians to help.

At the mouth of the Rat River we made camp. While we put up the tents the Lady prepared supper. We had neither beans, rice, nor canned food of any kind. So for over six weeks we lived on bannocks, bacon, blueberries and tea. I never worked harder nor felt better.

I always loved to put up my tiny tent. At Fort Resolution I had swapped my big blanket for a robe made of skin taken from the legs of rabbits and woven into a loose texture. Snuggled in it, with beneath me my slicker and waterproof dunnage bag, I was so cosy I laughed for sheer joy.

After breakfast, a repetition of supper, we started up the Rat River. At the mouth it was hardly fifty feet wide. Willows overhung the water and the air was heavy. Mists of mosquitoes rose to meet us but we were prepared. Over our hats we wore nets that fell to the shoulder, while our gloves were of the gauntlet type. Thus equipped, though the insects buzzed round us in clouds, we could laugh at them. The mosquito is the scourge of the region. Even when eating it was necessary to wear a net.

At Fort Norman I once walked in the woods with the Engineer. He was a few paces in front when I said: "I didn't notice you were wearing a gray jumper."

"It's bright blue," he laughed. He was so sheathed with a film of mosquitoes that you would have sworn his back was gray. But here on the Rat River they attained their greatest density.

All of the first day the canoe leapt eagerly forward, but next morning we ran into rough stuff. After buffeting it a bit we were obliged to give up and load *Coquette* on the scow.

There were six of us on it and the water was mean. *Ophelia* weighed half a ton, so it was going to be a tough job to take her up this angry flood. At first we poled hopefully, making good progress. Then the bushy banks gave way to gravel bars and the water grew shallow.

Even with four poles we found it difficult to advance. Ruefully it was decided to begin what must be our chief means of navigation—tracking.

Then it was I began to realize what I had let myself in for. We were to haul this hulk up to the Divide and over to the other side.

With apprehension I watched McTosh uncoil a hundred feet of rope from *Ophelia's* hold and line it along the bank. With distaste I saw him attach smaller ropes with rolled sacks to fit one's shoulders. With dismay I saw him indicate a particular harness and ask me if it were to my liking. If you had demanded of a galley slave if his oar was to his fancy he would have replied with more enthusiasm.

In all my life I never worked so hard as I did in the next few weeks, as I tugged, strained, plunged knee-deep in water, panted and lunged forward in my sling of sacking. I cut off my trousers at the knee and slit my boots at the ankle, so that the water could gush in and out. I tried wearing moccasins, but they slipped. My high boots with nailed soles were just the thing. They gripped the rock so that I was able to put my guts into the pull. It was a great life, twelve hours a day on the tow-line and most of the time in the water. For one thing, it cured me of corns that had bothered me for years.

One day I had a close call. We had sculled up a deep pool between two canyon walls, with a rock jutting at its upper end. Beyond was a run of white water. It was waist-deep and the bottom was paved with round boulders. Jake was poling *Ophelia*, keeping her head to the current. Four of us were on the track-line, bent low, our chests breasting the current. It was the toughest pull we had ever had. With muscles taut we inched the scow upstream, fighting every step. Often we would be motionless, just holding our own.

I was bent almost double in the foam, when suddenly I was jerked off my feet and dragged downstream, my back bumping over the boulders. I was utterly helpless, with over me a slab of seething foam like a coffin lid. Good-bye, world, I thought. . . . Would the bumping never cease? . . . Then suddenly it did, and McTosh was fishing me out more dead than alive. I was hauled to the gravel bar where they worked over me. My back felt broken, my bones too, but a slug of brandy brought me round. Said McTosh: "What a grand headline in the papers you've gone and spoiled. *Yukon Bard Meets Watery Doom.*" I thought his levity was ill-timed.

We did not go any further that day. I was weak and wild-headed; but after a night of rest I took my place once more on the track-line.

And indeed I was needed. Even the Lady lashed herself to the straining rope, pulling like a little man. The river was doing its best to balk us. The idea, it seemed to say, of trying to take a scow over the Rockies! It had never been done, never would be done. There were days when we made only half a mile after weary efforts through a dozen hours. But luckily the weather was lovely and the water warm.

AS we climbed higher, the mountains closed around us and the river narrowed to a single channel. But it forked at one point, so we were in doubt which was the main stream. Though we took the branch that carried the biggest bulk of water we were uneasy. It should lead us to a little lake at the height of the Divide. To miss that lake would be disaster.

One day the Indians announced that they were quitting. The leader said he had to get home to the christening of his baby boy, while the other professed to be the godfather. Their desertion made our travail ever so much harder, and to make matters worse we were losing heart.

One afternoon, after an unusually discouraging day, we flung ourselves on a sandspit for a cup of tea. As we gazed upward the stream narrowed and the valley looked as if it led to nowhere. McTosh was grim.

"Looks like we're lost. Well, if we come to a blind alley we can only go back till we find the right fork and try again."

The others glumly agreed, but my spirit rebelled. If nothing would make him abandon his damned scow I was determined I would not help him to lug it over any more mountains. I would desert them. Alone I would make my way back to Macpherson. In *Coquette* I could make good time.

We were too down-hearted to go any further that day and decided to make camp. Our supper was passed in silence; but after we had finished our bannocks and tea, to get away from the others I went for a stroll upstream. I thought I would climb a tree, after the manner of the Indians, and try to see ahead. I selected a promising pine on a grassy bank and was preparing to scale it when I observed that the bark had been blazed by an axe. To my amazement I saw that on the white surface was faintly penciled a name. I made it out—BUFFALO JONES. So that well-known character had passed here on his way to the Klondike.

Of course I had to announce my good news in the most casual way, as if it were scarcely worth mentioning. But the others rose to instant excitement and made me take them to the tree. I was mighty glad I had not suggested leaving them, and that night I slept better than I had done since the Indians deserted us. To the others I posed as their savior.

"You were about to turn back," I gibed. "I was prepared to go on despite all hell. But for my exploring spirit you would have rotted away the winter with the Eskimos."

With these words I put my entire guts into the job and let no one beat me to it. And there was need, for the way was the worst yet. The stream narrowed to a brook, then a ditch overgrown with willows. Suddenly we realized we were on the height of land forming the Divide. We were no longer climbing. We were pushing on the level. We were pulling over a small prairie. . . .

And Glory be! there in the near distance was a small lake, shining like a jewel under the cold blue sky.

THAT was a great moment. There was the lake about a mile away, and beyond it the Pass, wild and savage, the stark mountains looking as if they were cast of iron. Yet how to reach the lake was a problem. Luckily half the distance was dry tundra and fairly level, so we unloaded the cargo and emptied the scow. Then, using the four poles and the mast for rails and skids, we pushed it forward. In places we were able to use the poles as rollers, so that foot by foot we worked *Ophelia* nearer the glacial waters.

When we reached the true tundra progress was easier. There was water and squashy mud through which we were able to slither our old ark, but half the time we would be waist deep in icy slime.

After ten weary hours of labour our craft splashed into a sudden depth of clear, cold water. But we still had to return for our cargo. Although it was late it was broad daylight, and we decided to finish the job that night. I made three trips carrying my flour and bacon. A hundred times I sank to my waist in the intervening mud and struggled up again. This was doubly hard with a sixty-pound sack of flour on my back.

But the fourth trip was the worst, for this time I had to pack my canoe. True, it did not weigh any more than a sack of flour, but it was so much harder to balance. Time after time I had to throw it down and rest till my strength came back. Well, after an hour of that, I reached the water's edge, and wasn't I glad to launch it on the smooth surface?

The little lake was clear and still. It reflected the sky coldly. Looking down I saw strange Arctic weeds, and half expected to see some primeval monster rise up and grab for me. These secret waters made me shudder; but it was so good to be in the canoe again that, despite my exhaustion, I began to sing. Now, I thought, it will be easy going; and I blessed this gem of a lake that fathered streams flowing into the valley of the Mackenzie and the watershed of the Yukon.

It was a weird camp at the height of the Divide, with the midnight sun shining like a great red ball. There were sudden squalls of pelting rain, and the loneliness had a sinister quality that struck fear in me. The little lake shuddered as it shone.

So weary were we, we remained at that camp a whole day. During the night, hail hammered on our tents and

mine collapsed under the onslaught. But there were no mosquitoes, so I used it as a covering. I could not sleep, mainly because I worried about the stream that was to take us down to the Yukon. I could see no sign of it. However, scouting round in the early morning, I saw a fringe of willows at the far end of the little plateau, and found it concealed a deep gully at the bottom of which brawled a lusty torrent.

"What a bonnie wee burn," said McTosh, all eagerness to launch *Ophelia*.

We tried to let her down by a rope; but I must admit I did not hang on very hard, and it was with a vicious joy I saw her break away and crash through embattled willows to the foaming water.

I followed with my canoe and a happy heart. As I embarked on that babbling brook I was singing a song about Maggie and when she and I were young.

The trip down that "bonnie wee burn" was a bit of hell. Fortunately my canoe was well balanced and ballasted. Often it tilted till the water came over the thwarts, but always it righted itself. I fought desperately to steer and clear it. And all the time, through seething cauldrons and whirling pools, with clenched teeth I never ceased to sing of Maggie and the old mill stream.

Just as I was beginning to despair, I saw a stretch of smooth water and knew I had reached the river that was to carry me the next stage of my journey. And on a grassy bank I found *Ophelia*. The party were exhausted, having had even a worse time than I.

The scow had been strained in the torrent and the boards had sprung so that it was half full of water. Their precious bales of fur were wet and were now drying on the bank. So they decided to draw *Ophelia* out of the river, upend her and caulk the seams of her bottom. I felt no desire to give them a hand.

To a lesser degree Jake, the trapper, shared my dislike of *Ophelia*. He looked longingly at my canoe. He envied me when I announced my intention of shoving off on my own for the rest of the trip.

BEHOLD me then light-heartedly launched on the bosom of the Bell River. I wanted to call it *la belle rivière*, for all I have known it was the most beautiful. Imagine a river about seventy yards in width, with a surface as smooth as a mirror, and a gentle, placid current confined in banks of verdant green. It was nowhere deeper than six feet, and so crystal clear I could distinguish every pebble on the bottom.

And along its banks were fur and feather. All the ptarmigan of the region must have come here to nest. Every few yards sat a mother with her chicks. They were brown, not like the snow-white birds I had hitherto seen. And beyond them in the low bush were myriads of rabbits. They, too, were russet brown, but with the coming of the snow they would turn white and I would know them as the Arctic hare. And I never saw so many fish!

I had lots of grub—bannocks, bacon, blueberries. I made my pots of tea on the bank whenever I felt bored, and at night I chose a grove for my tent. The ground would be dry and fragrant with crushed pine cones.

I rarely used my paddle and one evening I was drifting lazily when in the far distance I thought I saw something moving up the bank. I was always on the lookout for bear, so I put some shells in my Remington and set it in readiness. But as I drew near I discerned two objects moving dark against the shingle. To my great excitement I made out they were men poling a canoe upstream.

Our surprise was mutual and they greeted me with joy. They had been prospecting all summer and were going up the Bell to trap through the winter. Having been away from civilization for two years, they wanted the news. But the first thing they asked was: "What was the result of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons prize fight?" Late by the camp-fire we smoked and yarned, and early next morning they left me.

In placid peace for days and days I drifted down my river of dreams. Most of my dreams were of Dawson, my cabin and the work I planned to do. On the Mackenzie I had gathered a lot of material that was different. As I paddled I mulled over this and saw ballads in the making.

One day passing the mouth of a small stream I was attracted by a domelike hill of many colours. It was a little way inland and I was curious to have a closer look, so I beached *Coquette* and strode up the creek.

The surface of the hill, I found, was composed of a spongy moss of many colours, rose, orange, lemon, pomegranate. I gained the top and in a hollow in the fungus-like growth, I lay down and went to sleep.

I woke with a start. I must have slept for hours. For a moment I wondered where I was, then I looked down and saw my canoe. But a man was standing beside it, and with a feeling of alarm I went plunging downhill, going up to my knees with every leap in the spongy moss.

As I drew nearer, to my great relief I saw that it was Jake. A little way down the bank was *Ophelia*, hitched to a trunk. McTosh was making camp, while the Lady was preparing tea. I was mighty glad to see them again.

Next day Jake took me aside. "Let me go with you," he begged. I said I would consider it. The question was whether the McTosh couple could handle the scow alone.

"They'll be all right," he insisted. "From now on the river's easy."

I demurred. But next day the Lady came to me rather pleadingly. "I wish you'd let Jake go with you. I'm afraid of him and McTosh coming to blows. It's all I can do to keep them from mixing it. Besides, he has only enough cigarette paper for three days. He goes nuts without a cigarette, and you can make better time in the canoe. You can wait for us at Rampart. . . ."

I finally agreed. Immediately an atmosphere of relief settled down on the party. As Jake took his place in the stern of *Coquette* he looked almost amiable. Well, in three days we should be at Rampart, the trading post on the Porcupine.

WE took the river at a swift lick. Jake was an expert paddle man, and he kept me humping to keep up with him. As I sat cramped in the bow he said in his grating voice: "I think I oughta warn you, partner, if this paper pans out I'm liable to go bughouse. Yo mind that yarn yo told me of them two stiffs yo found in a cabin wi' their heads ablowed off? I've jest been athinkin' that's what might happen to you an' me—if this here paper gives out."

I laughed, but as time went on I did not think it so funny. When the Post by my reckoning was only a day

away, I counted every hour. It must have been late on the third afternoon when we swung round a bend and there, a mile ahead, I saw the high bluffs of Rampart.

But when we reached it, an Indian woman stood on the landing beach wildly waving us off. As we drew near she cried: "You no stop. All Injun heap sick. You catchum too. You go away much quick."

Two men came down the path at a run. Both were white men, and one was big and burly.

"Don't come ashore," he cried. "We have smallpox at the post. Yes, *smallpox*. Got it bad. All the Indians

down with it. I'm the Doctor. Wait . . . I'll write you a note to say you haven't landed." He scribbled on a piece of paper and gave it to me. "There! That'll show you didn't go ashore. Otherwise you would be put in quarantine. You'd better get on your way and be careful to avoid any Indians you may meet on the banks."

He was going, when he turned again. "There's a launch on the way up with supplies. We've run out of vaccine. You might tell them to hurry."

I started paddling downstream when I was aware of an uncomfortable silence behind me. Jake was not paddling. He was looking at me with a glare of murderous hate.

"What's biting you?" I asked.

"The cigarette paper. Look! That's all I've got—two sheets. Gimme that paper the Doc gave you."

"Look here, Jake," I said; "let's go on for another half day. We ought to meet that launch."

"Till noon," he stipulated.

It was about eleven when the canoe sprung a leak and I had to beach it. I was stooping over it, when I looked up and saw the launch. Was I glad? Oh, boy!

NEXT morning we were gaily paddling around a bend when we almost butted into a small stern-wheel steamer. She had stopped for a minor repair. A dozen people on board were regarding the shapely *Coquette* as her owner, a bronzed and bearded individual, leapt lightly ashore. He looked like a scarecrow spewed out of the wild, with tattered pants hacked off at the knee and a khaki shirt cut clean at the shoulders.

In my proud rags I strode up the gangplank. The Captain, very trim in white duck, met me halfway.

"I'm Captain Brown from Fairbanks."

"I'm from Edmonton," I said. There was a gasp from the crowd. "My partner's from Baffin Land," I added. Another gasp, then the Captain said: "You don't mean to say you've brought that canoe all the way?"

"Pretty near. But I'm not figgering on going much further with it. I'm fixing on taking a passage with you." He looked doubtfully at me, so I went on rapidly: "I'll give you a cheque on Dawson for the passage of myself and my friend."

"It's not that," he said. "We hear there's smallpox at Rampart. You've not stopped there by any chance?"

I handed him the paper from the Doctor. He read it very carefully. "All right," he said at last. "But if you hadn't had this clearance I wouldn't have taken you."

It was a long, sleepy trip up the Yukon and I spent it mainly in eating. Jake vanished into the steerage. Once or twice I got a glimpse of him yarning with the deck hands. Six months later I met him and he was heading for the Arctic again. A few years later, in his lonely cabin, he blew out his foolish brains.

WE reached Dawson at eleven in the evening. With a sort of ecstasy I walked the old familiar streets. I went into a pub and saw three men I knew. After the clean hardness of the men of the Wild they seemed greasy and grubby. They gazed at me strangely and with some suspicion. I looked like a tough character, one who might hold them up. I had to tell them who I was, and even then they hesitated to believe me. After a drink or two I went back to the boat. Next morning I had a gorgeous time introducing myself to so many old friends. "You're so thin," they remarked. "Where did you come from?" And I would reply with elaborate casualness: "Oh, I just dropped in from Edmonton." Then I would brag of the greatness of the Mackenzie Valley as compared to the Yukon. They were impressed. The man from the Arctic strutted it over the man from the subarctic. So I swaggered round feeling pleased with myself; but as, after a week, no one took any more notice of me, I settled down to be an everyday Dawsonite.

My cabin seemed to welcome me again, and its moose horns over the porch were like arms stretched out to me. I had it re-papered and the stove revised. I got books from the library, a good guitar and a bath-tub. Twice a day I would take a cold bath and so harden myself. All my life, even in the Arctic, I have never worn underclothes. The prickly sensation of my childish woollens is with me still.

I resumed the old beloved habits: my rising around noon, my lunch of ham and eggs, raspberry pie and coffee. In the bakery of the old Swede I relaxed, and generally had a gang of sourdoughs round my table. I kept at the peak of physical fitness and beat out my snowshoe trails in the woods and on the hills.

It was on these solitary tramps I began to work again, spinning my fancies as I walked, and in the silence of my cabin converting them into words. I used to write on the coarse rolls of paper used by paper-hangers, pinning them on the wall and printing my verses in big

charcoal letters. Then I would pace back and forth before them, studying them, repeating them, trying to make them perfect. I wanted them to appeal to the eye as well as to the ear. I tried to avoid any literary quality. I never wrote to please any one but myself; it just happened I belonged to the simple folks whom I liked to please. This leisured and pleasant job spread over most of a year. For I was enjoying my winter too much to make it a strenuous one of work.

ONE morning, feeling a restless foot, I started out for Gold Run. The distance was nigh on fifty miles, but with bright weather and a crisp trail I thought nothing of that. I had an Indian lope I could keep up for hours.

I reached the roadhouse that night, not too tired to visit some friends. On the following morning I decided to walk back, but thought I would take another trail. In a parka and moccasins I was in fine fettle. Soon I came to where the trail forked, and I took what seemed to be the likeliest branch. But I made a bad guess, for it got smaller through the woods and finally petered out.

I had gone a mile out of my way; yet little troubled I turned and regained the right trail. It was in the open. The sun was brilliant, the cold about thirty below, the air like champagne. I was plumb full of pep, so I ran till I came to another fork in the trail. I took the left-hand branch as it seemed to head more directly for town. I had not loped along very far when I found the path led up to the mountains. I could see it streaking miles ahead to where stood a big roadhouse. I made for this, thinking to get my directions and maybe have lunch; but when I reached it I found it had long since been abandoned. I swithered whether to turn or go a little further.

I had that obstinacy that makes one loathe to admit one is beaten. Besides, a Northman hates to give up a trail. I was feeling gloriously well, for I had climbed higher than I had imagined, and below me lay a white immensity of awe-inspiring desolation. So I turned again to the upward trail, convinced that I was foolish, but saying: "I'll go just a little further. Maybe beyond the next ridge I'll come on life."

Some miles further on I saw in the diamond clarity a tiny cabin. When I gained it to my dismay it was empty.

I was now committed to this trail. There was no returning. I must go wherever it led. I kept climbing higher and higher, into the hills which now closed behind me

shutting out the valley. The path became a toe-track. Then at last I realized I was lost.

Night was coming on. If it caught me before I found shelter it would be hard to survive till dawn.

I saw the sun set like an angry boil. Suddenly I heard a scuffling in the snow, and up the steep bank sprang a bull moose. For a moment it stood huge and majestic against the setting sun. Then it vanished.

I was on the verge of collapse when suddenly my second strength came to me. I pressed desperately on.

I saw night fall, shadows obscure the trail; but I realized they were the shadows of pines. I had descended to the timber belt. In a kind of stupor I went on and on. I saw that the moon was in the sky. The cold had grown intense; it must be forty-five below. I must find a tree and walk round and round it till morning; otherwise I would stagger into a snow bank and be lost for good.

I plodded my circle until my legs crumpled beneath me. I sank on my knees, rose and sank again. And as I kneeled the moon seemed to cry to me: "Look! Look!"

I looked, and there in the shadow of the woods across a brief gully I saw . . . A CABIN. For hours and hours I had been tramping miles and miles around this pine with safety only a hundred yards away. Now I must be careful. If I fell into a drift I was so weak I could never struggle out. So almost on hands and knees I worked my way to the cabin. There was a clearing in front. I rose and stumbled on. The door might be locked. . . . But no—bless that old Yukon law, the latchstring was outside. Tripping over the threshold I fell on the floor.

THANK God, the cabin was not deserted. Some one lived there, but no one rose to welcome me. Still, there was the stove, and (Oh, blessed Yukon law) a heap of kindlings. What music as the flames roared up!

I was ravenous. A can of beans! I hacked it open with my jack-knife, heated it on the stove. I wanted to make tea but I was too tired. After fixing the fire so that it would burn for hours, I crawled into a bunk.

I was awakened by the smell of frying bacon. I opened my eyes. A huge man was standing by the stove. He had a shock of snow-white hair and a long gray beard. He was bleary-eyed, dirty, dishevelled.

"Hullo!" I said.

"Hullo, young feller; I thought you was never agone to rouse. Been sleepin' yer haid off. It's nigh noon. Musta been petered out when ye got here. Lucky ye found the cabin. Reckon ye was losted."

"Yes, I was just about all in."

"Musta taken the old trail over the mountain. Hain't been used for years. Pretty tough goin'. Well, now yer here I hope yer fixin' to stay a bit. I got lots o' grub. Just come from town where a feller staked me. I'm puttin' down a shaft in the side of the mountain an' could do with a bit of help, so what?"

"I'm sorry. I'm going back to town. I work there."

"What might ye be workin' at?"

"I tap a typewriter."

"Sounds easy. One of them clurrks, I guess. Well, it takes all kinds of folks to make a world. I'm a hard-rock miner, name of Joe Rich. Helluva name to give a man that's been poor all his life. But I'll strike it yet. Have ye heard of me back in the old burg?"

I seemed to have a vague remembrance of a man of his name. I could not recall its nature, but there was something sinister in it. I agreed to remain over night, yet even as I did so I had strange misgivings.

After breakfast he suggested we visit his mine. It consisted of a hole in the ground ten feet across and six deep. I know nothing about mineral rock, so I listened as he talked of stringers and veins and the mother lode. He had it here, he said, if he could only go deep enough. "There's a fortune in that there hole. You can see it stickin' out—gold-bearin' quartz. I've just been to town havin' some of it analyzed an' it's rich. If I had only capital an' lots of help, I'd be a muckin' millionaire."

He had a profound voice and he roared in his enthusiasm. Then with a flying leap he landed in the middle of the hole. I marveled at his agility when suddenly I saw his face turn to me with a look of alarm. He gave one gasp and staggered to the brim of the pit.

He was hanging on to the edge and about to collapse when I grabbed his arms. With all my strength I tried to hoist him up. He was a heavy man but he managed to help me so that he was not all dead weight. Desperately he fought, gasping and casing at me with frightened eyes. Finally I got him on the level ground, and there he lay like one in a swoon. At last he roused.

"That there mine near proved my grave. I shoulda thought before I jumped. Before I went to town I made a big fire to thaw out the ground. That hole's full of gas. Might been aspzyated. Reckon, buddy, you saved my life."

"Well, you saved mine, so we can shake on it."

That evening he produced a bottle of Scotch. We stoked up the stove, made ourselves comfortable and finished the bottle. He drank about four-fifths. Then he opened a second bottle. I retired, however, but he seemed to be keeping it up. I was roused by him gripping me by the shoulder and shaking me roughly.

"Come on an' join me, partner. You're a hell of a sport to let a man drink alone."

Reluctantly I rose and accepted a glass. He was pretty well tanked up by this time and he grew worse.

Tired at last and only half sober I threw myself on my bunk. Suddenly I was aware of him shaking me more violently than before.

"Get up, you damned little shrimp!" he roared. "I want to talk to you." He poised before me, his eyes burning, his face inflamed and distorted.

"I've a feelin' I wanna tell you somethin'. I've jes' gotto. I've never told it to a human soul so it's between us two. But if you ever blab, I'll let the daylight through your hide." Menacingly he took a shotgun from the wall.

"Please don't tell me," I faltered. "I don't want to know your secret."

"You've got to," he shouted, flourishing the gun. "I'm tired of bein' the only one to carry it round. *If I tell it to you it'll help me, an' you look like a nice guy.*"

"Well, go on," I said with resignation. "Spill it."

At that he threw down the gun and burst into a roar of laughter. "Kindo skeered ye, didn't I? Why, lad, I wouldn't harm a rabbit. And that's what you look like, a skeered rabbit. You think I'm a killer? Why, I never killed a man in my life an' never will. But you know what they call me in the North? . . . . *Cannibal Joe.*"

Then I remembered. It was the story of two prospectors in the Barren Lands. After a year one returned alone with a tale of hardship and starvation. Well, here was the survivor himself. Ready to tell his story . . . and I did not want to listen.

As I stared at him he had a fit of fury. He grabbed up the gun again. "You don't think I'm a cannibal?"

"I certainly don't," I said. "The idea!"

He subsided. "Bob was the best pal I ever had. When he passed on it was a knock-out for me." He paused. Suddenly he became like a crazy man. "What did I do? Listen—*I fed him to the dogs and I*—" With that he collapsed on the floor and lay like a dead man.

When I woke in the morning there was my host standing by the fire frying eggs and bacon. He showed no sign of a hangover. With his gray beard and snowy hair he was mild, almost gentle. After we had eaten he sped me on my way. As we parted he remarked almost casually:

"Say, friend, if ye had a bad dream last night ye jest wanto ferget it. Y'understand?" I understood. And that is why I have forgotten . . . till now.

I FINISHED my book in the late spring. My plan was to go to the South Seas. I imagined I had the gift of golden indolence and suspected that as an adventurer I was a bit of baloney. Then I got a letter proposing to make a war correspondent out of me, and with curses in my heart I cabled acceptance. With my book of verse in my valise, I departed for the Balkans.

As the steamer passed the mouth of the Klondike, my eyes rested on my cabin high on the hill.

"I will come back," I said.

But over thirty years have passed and I have not returned. Now I know I never will. . .

THE END

Puzzle 35x 1/19/46

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

DAYS AND NIGHTS, by **Konstantine Simonov** is undoubtedly one of the most effective books that has been written about this war to date. Simonov was a Russian war reporter and covered practically every front from the Barents to the Black Sea and from Stalingrad to Berlin.

Konstantine Simonov

Days and Nights is not Russian propaganda. It is a novel, and an excellent one. Perhaps it lacks the power of Sholokhov, but it will be far more readable to an American audience because Captain Saburov and Anya could be any nationality, while the characters in And Quiet Flows the Don were purely Russian Cossacks. And while the people in Days and Nights are essentially simple, as life in wartime is simple, they are interesting and real—they are not "revolutionary types."

Anya, an eighteen-year-old girl, was a medical assistant with the Red Army. When she met Captain Saburov she was frightened—frightened that she might be killed before she had had a chance to do anything—to study, to travel, to fall in love. Their romance, as it grew during the dreadful struggle for Stalingrad, is one of the most touching and believable in modern fiction. Simonov writes of emotion and violence with a sparse understatement that is immensely powerful.

Published by Simon and Schuster, N. Y. Price $2.75.

ELDON ROARK is a columnist on a Memphis newspaper, and in his book, **Memphis Bragabouts**, he reminisces about the amazing characters he has met. There was the Negro who couldn't remember the name of his bride-to-be when he went to get the license, and there was Elton Rogers, known professionally as Freezo the Human Polar Bear, whose wedding ceremony was performed at a Memphis Cotton Carnival while he and his bride remained encased in two separate chunks of ice.

Eldon Roark

The most colorful character of all, however, was Susie, an eighteen-year-old pet goose. Susie had lost one eye and broken one leg four separate times in acrimonious encounters with people she considered objectionable. She climaxed her eventful career by breaking her fiancé's neck when he attempted to do a bit of courting.

Published by Whittlesey House, N. Y. Price $2.50.

READERS will be impressed by the tremendous sincerity of **Across the Line**, credited to the late **Albert Payson Terhune**, with Notes and Comments by **Anice Terhune**, his wife. Mr. Terhune died in 1942 and most of this book consists of letters which his wife says he dictated to her after his death.

Mrs. Terhune first realized that she could establish communication with her husband when he helped her to find some puppies' pedigree notes that she needed. In the final "revelation" of the book he told her about an ancestress whom she didn't know existed and subsequently found in a genealogy.

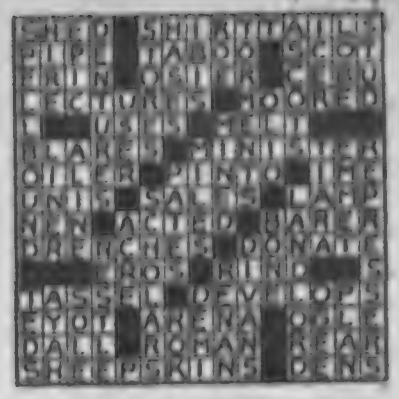
Published by the Dryden Press, N. Y. Price $2.

WHATEVER one thinks about **Methinks the Lady**, **Guy Endore's** latest book, it cannot be denied that it is fast moving and readable. The Lady and her hallucinations—or were they hallucinations?—will carry one along to the end.

Published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce, N. Y. Price $2.50.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane



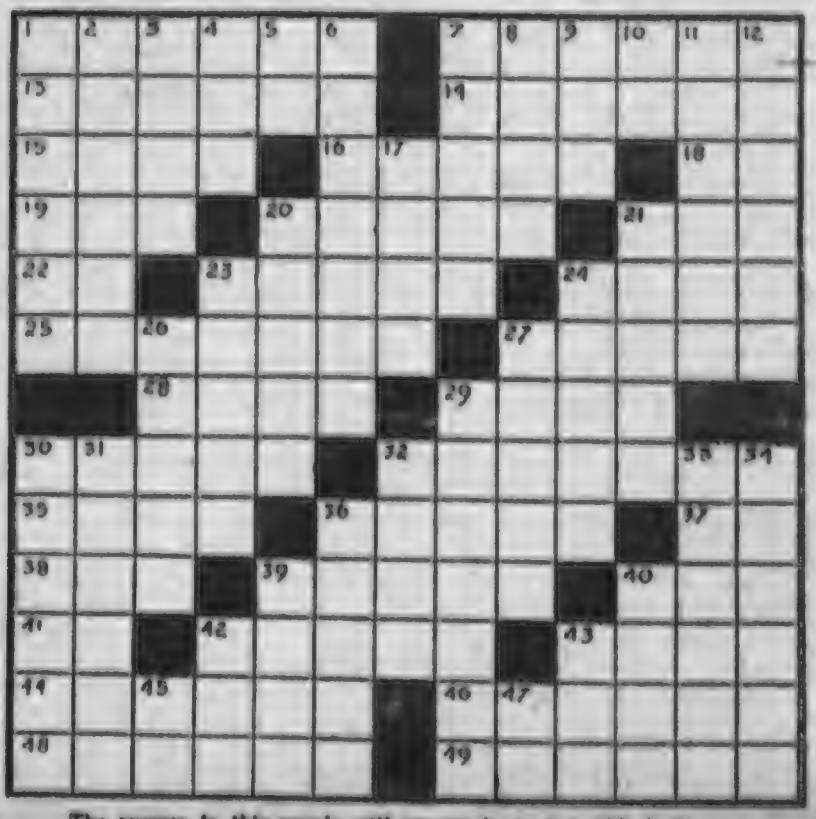
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 The "ruler" of New Helvetia, California, discovered gold in a creek. Name him
7 U-235 produces what?
13 A Baltimore professional ballplayer's nicknamed a what?
14 A tangerine, because of its easily removable rind, is called a kid-glove what?
15 What's the Enigma of the East (abbr.)
16 A human thermostat would control a what?
18 In what state is Tulane U.? (abbr.)
19 How does the traditional Suthn cunnel address you traditionally?
20 Hock, Tokay, Chianti, and Marsala are whats?
21 What's female for Hub?
22 New York City's Avenue of the Americas once was overrun by a what? (abbr.)
23 African pampas
24 A St. Mary's (Calif.) football player is called a Galloping what?
25 What former Sec't'ry of the Navy opposes peacetime compulsory military training?
27 Who is probably the greatest of British tennis players?
28 A summer does what?
29 Dance on air is slang for what?
30 Clio, Urania, Calliope, Polyhymnia, Euterpe, Melpomene were whats?
32 Frank Morgan's un-Hollywood avocation is the manufacture of whats?
35 The tenor violin or viola's also called the what?
36 Stare at these tares (anag.)
37 Braking sounds
38 It's an eyesore
39 The pleasures of youth
40 What has been made pretty old-fashioned by the atom?
41 Call of the farm
43 What great Army back met death mysteriously not long ago?
45 Rupert Brooke was a what?
44 Inoculated with germs of a disease makes you what?
46 What's slang for a foil?
48 What feast falls on the Sunday after the full moon after the vernal equinox?
49 A brat watcher for the evening is called a what?

VERTICAL

1 Good *gosArtsenks* means what in good Anglo-Saxon?
2 Name a famed female Parrott—
3 —and an old-maid character of Mary Roberts Rinehart's
4 Norse god with the h—— knocked out of him
5 Definite article (Sp.)
6 Spare leads for pencils and shots for boozers
7 Overs (anag.)
8 Who was the dad of Aphrodite's kids?
9 What Constitution lovers recently contradicted its spirit? (abbr.)
10 Preposition
11 Gluier (anag.)
12 In photography what word means spotty?
17 Name the receivers things are usually in the hands of
20 Widows wear what garden product? (pl.)
21 What does the private call his boss?
23 When television comes, what Latin word, meaning I see, will designate the visual part of it?
24 What's Brooklynese for men who never offend unintentionally?
26 Kind of nice
27 What's uppermost on a barber's mind? (pl.)
29 The Chicago White Sox ball club that won the 1906 World Series was called the what Wonders?
30 What club is used for approach to a gol; green?
31 Complete: ——Thule
32 Name the liberal Senator from Minnesota
33 Fail to follow suit
34 Gordon, Irish, and English are varieties of what?
36 What name signifies O.K. in U. S. Air Force messages?
39 Who's either Melancholy or Great?
40 A noisy binge
42 The gangster calls his share a what?
43 Human bread-basket container (extra-sized)
45 Author-ization (abbr.)
47 Half time



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Gin of pre-war quality made with pre-war *imported* botanicals

1 Today Hiram Walker brings you gin made with the same imported herbs, roots and berries used in the making of Hiram Walker's pre-war gin.

2 And remember, between Repeal and Pearl Harbor Americans bought more Walker-made gin than any other kind.

Orris root from Italy . . . Valencia peel from Spain...cassia from China . . . these and all other rare herbs, roots, and berries used in making Hiram Walker's Gin come from a supply imported before the war.

HIRAM WALKER'S GIN is made to pre-war formula...*and with pre-war imported botanicals which are unobtainable today.* The reason we have these rare botanicals is this:

Prior to the war it was always our policy to purchase these botanicals only in the best crop years —and to buy far in excess of our annual requirements. This enabled us always to have on hand a treasured reserve.

When we suspended gin distilling in favor of war production in February 1942, this priceless reserve was carefully preserved and sealed away.

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90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

HIRAM WALKER'S *Distilled London Dry* GIN

SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK

Continued from Page 29

thing for you to consider,' I says, 'it's it was not so to be.' That's what I put my hand on her shoulder and told her, Henry: 'It was not so to be.'"

"No kin of mine," Henry said. "Never heard of her."

Mr. Mern made another effort. "Well, likely not," he assented. "Take Frank Forrest Brown himself, though, for instance. Did he have a temper! In point of facts, he was the profanest man anywheres around Ashtabula that I ever listened to. Cuss? Even during the Army I bet you never heard the beat. I put my hand on his shoulder one day when he was carryin' on because he'd busted his tractor. 'Listen, Frank Forrest Brown,' I says. 'I want to ask you something, Frank,' I says. 'What good,' I says—'what good did such language ever do you or any other man? Think it over,' I says. 'Think it over.'"

AS Henry gave no sign that the moral anecdote had reached his mind or even his ears, the young wife spoke up to save her father from feeling too flattened. "Did that stop Mr. Frank Forrest Brown's swearing?" she asked. "*Did* he think it over and stop, father?"

"Well, not right then, maybe," Mr. Mern admitted honestly. "I couldn't hardly say so. Maybe it did afterwards—some."

"We'll certainly hope so," Mattie said. "We'll all three hope it did, won't we?"

Then she tried to think that the averted Henry hadn't heard her; but she was afraid he had. He drew a deep breath and his nostrils widened like those of a person striving to endure pain—or excessive boredom—in silence. Mattie and her father looked at each other again, this time emptily, and for the moment seemed to have exhausted their conversational resources. A fog of baffled stillness filled the room; then it was the immobile Henry who spoke.

"There's that dog and cat, both of 'em, again," he said. "They're out in the rain and all over mud. Prob'ly goin' try and get in. They look terrible."

Mattie bent her head over Henrietta and the potatoes. "I thought you'd like 'em, Henry," she said. "I did think a cat and dog'd be kind of homelike for you when you got back. They're real nice, if you could just get used to 'em a little. That's why I named 'em for you—him Hen and her Henny—so you'd have all three of 'em to amuse you, Henrietta and Hen and Henny."

Her voice was sweet as it seemed to plead with him to like Henrietta and Hen and Henny—and herself and her father, and the cottage she'd bought with her earnings at the Emmonsville electronics plant. Henry, who was from the hills of New Hampshire, hadn't seen much of Emmonsville in the three days he'd been there, but he didn't care for this flat country. He thought of it as "out west" because it was west of New England. "Oh, I like dogs well enough," he said, with unfortunate implications.

"But not cats or—or babies?" Mattie's voice had a tremble in it.

Henry's response, still from his profile, was only, "Aw, now!"

"I had to come to Emmonsville," Mattie said, as if explaining a fault. "I had to, Henry, to get the job they advertised for at the plant. Then it got to seeming a right nice place to live, so I commenced paying for the house, like I wrote you, and I thought you'd like it."

"There's the cat," Henry said, referring to a miaow from just outside the rear door of the kitchen. A scratching upon the door followed the miaow. "It's not him scratching; it's that dog. Great team—tomcat and a she-dog!"

"I guess if you wouldn't mind they ought to get dry maybe," Mattie said apologetically, and nodded to her father.

Mr. Mern, obedient, went to the door, admitted the damp tomcat, Hen, and the drenched she-dog, Henny. Hen, the cat, at once went thoughtfully to sit behind the kitchen stove; but Henny, both long-haired and short-haired by acute miscegenation, was tumultuously affectionate. In a burst of gratitude she rushed upon Mattie and made a devoted attempt to kiss her face, a muddy effort upsetting to Henrietta and the pan of potatoes in Mattie's lap. Henrietta, previously dozing, outdid tin horns; potatoes rolled upon the floor and were stepped upon by Henny's hind feet while her forepaws continued to disfigure Henrietta and Mattie's dress and apron.

"She's a wonderful worker, if she'd only get over her fear of white mice!"

LIBERTY

"Oh, my!" Mattie said. "Please don't, Henny! There, there, Henrietta! Henny just wants to show she loves you. Please stop jumping, Henny. Please get dry with Hen. Look how nice *he's* sitting there. Please, Henny, please!"

Henny controlled her transports, seated herself beside the stove as if she'd done nothing at all, and the young wife, after an uncertain glance toward Henry, placed the weeping Henrietta in Mr. Mern's arms. "Just hold her for me a minute, father." Then, on her knees, Mattie began to restore the potatoes to the pan.

Her husband's face and voice were both expressionless. "Dog's muddy feet been all over those potatoes. We supposed to eat 'em?"

"I'll wash 'em off, all fresh and nice," Mattie said. "You wouldn't know it after they're boiled. Father, if you'd recite 'Hey diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle' to Henrietta, she might quit. Kind of sing it to her; she likes that."

"She does?" Henry asked, as Mr. Mern complied unmusically and Henrietta screamed, though not with pleasure. "She likes it, does she?"

Mattie looked desperate. A fallen strand of brown hair hung over her left eye and the fellow of that eye threatened to become watery. She set the pan of retrieved potatoes upon the kitchen table and took Henrietta from Mr. Mern. "There, there, Henrietta! Maybe you'd better stop singing now, father. Henry, would you and father mind if you'd just go and sit in the sitting room a little while? I'll call you soon as dinner is ready. There, there, Henrietta!"

"Dinner?" Henry repeated the word thoughtfully. "At our house up home my mother always had lunch in the middle of the day. We had dinner in the evening."

"So'll we, then," Mattie said. "There, there, Henrietta! We'll call it lunch if you like that better; but just now, honey, maybe you wouldn't mind sitting in the sitting room with father till I get things a little straightened out?"

HENRY, following Mr. Mern into the only other room downstairs, looked back from the doorway but didn't seem to feel encouraged by what he saw and heard—wet cat, muddy dog, muddy potatoes, wet and muddy floor, Mattie spotted with muddy pawprints, hair over one eye, and walking up and down, stroking Henrietta's vociferous head. "There, there, Henrietta! There, there, Henrietta!" Mattie varied her soothing with softly sung snatches from "Hey diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle," but Henrietta had been too much annoyed to settled down. Thus far she was a plain child, inheriting more from fat Mr. Mern, apparently, than from either of her parents, and what was disclosed by her noisily open mouth Henry found unattractive.

In the sitting room he asked a question of his father-in-law, who was seated and lighting a cigar. "When do they get their teeth?"

"What?" Mr. Mern asked; then comprehended. "Ain't she already got a couple or so, four or five maybe? Seems to me I've noticed—"

"I mean a full set," Henry said. "When they open up like that, they look terrible inside without 'em." He sat down across the small room from his father-in-law, whose cigar seemed of lowly origin. "She's hollered like that most the time that I been here. Who's been bringing her up?"

"Why, Mattie." Mr. Mern was surprised by the question. "Of course during her office hours at the plant she had to pay a woman to look after the baby, but not since couple weeks ago when she commenced lookin' for you home, and quit. It's nice she could fix it with the boss you can take her place at the plant for the reconversion—piece o' luck I'd call it! I expect you're lookin' forward to goin' in there next Monday morning right eager, ain't you, Henry? Mattie says it'll be easy for you to pick up right where she left off."

"She says so, does she?" Henry's eagerness was not in evidence. He did not look upon himself as "the Common Man"—anything but. Since his return, though, he'd heard more than one broadcast allusion to the dignity of that myth and it didn't seem to him very dignified to be taking a woman's place in industry or to have had her arrange such a substitution. "Guess it's better than nothing," he muttered.

"Better than nothin'!" Mr. Mern echoed timidly. "Right good pay, Henry! Why, if I'd made that much off the farm when I was startin' out in life, I'd thought I was in a dream! It's a good way to look at it, though—better than nothin'. It's what I told my Uncle Carlos one nice day along about 1924 after he got laid up with arthritis. He complained he only had board and clothes from his Spanish war pension to look forward to. 'Ain't that better than nothin', Uncle Carlos?' I says to him. 'Think it over, Uncle Carlos,' I says."

HENRY was cold to this. "Didn't you put your hand on your Uncle Carlos' shoulder when you told him that?" he asked.

"What?" Mr. Mern was puzzled. "Yes, come to think of it, guess I did. I put my hand on his shoulder and I says—"

"You already told me that," Henry said.

"I did?" Mr. Mern looked blank. He seemed to feel a little rebuffed.

Henry was staring at the mantelpiece ornaments (from the five-and-ten) over the gloomily vacant fireplace, and he was wondering what his mother and father and sisters and small brother were doing in the nice old house on a White Mountain hillside. He was also wondering how it happened that he wasn't there instead of here. Mattie didn't seem to be the same girl he'd got into such a whirl about almost the first time he looked at her on that darn train. He'd carried a snapshot of her all through the war, and in his mind's eye, too, a picture of her, vague but gaily pretty—she didn't seem to look anything like that, the way she was now.

He could hear her doing metallic things in the kitchen, and she'd quieted Henrietta; but Henrietta'd break out again before long. He couldn't remember ever knowing a noisier baby—no, nor a homelier. For that matter, he thought all babies pretty homely. He didn't know that he'd ever expected to care to have one. The little sitting room was kind of chilly and he'd had enough of that in Germany.

Mr. Mern's cigar smelled worse and worse; he always smoked those foul cigars of his right down to the wet part, and his son-in-law wondered where he got the money to buy 'em. Claims he owns a farm somewhere, Henry thought. Bet he doesn't. Bet he expects to live on Mattie and me the rest of his life. Talk, talk, talk! Have I got to smell those cigars and listen to him forever?

Mr. Mern, in fact, had already begun hopefully to talk again.

As was well known in the farming neighborhood near Ashtabula, where Mr. Mern came from, his little narratives were all of the same pattern—all tributes to himself and his fatherly wisdom—but now, in particular, in his son-in-law's company, he was only doing his best, in a manner really humble, to be appreciated a little. He didn't know any better way; nobody else was going to point out the likable things about him—except Mattie maybe, and Mattie was never a talker; she was always more a busy kind of girl. She was busier now than she'd ever been, working hard to get Henry used to herself and to Henrietta and Henny and Hen. But Mr. Mern thought the way to get people used to anything was to talk 'em into it. In a voice as appealing as he could make it, he continued to recall all the best things about himself and his sayings that he could remember.

I can't take it! I'm just not going to be able to! Henry was thinking when Mattie opened the door and told them that dinner—"I mean lunch," she said—was ready.

SOME of her hair was still over one eye and she looked worriedly hot; but Henrietta was asleep on the cushions in a clothesbasket, the kitchen floor had been mopped, and Hen and Henny looked dry.

"What's cozier," Mr. Mern asked heartily, "than a nice cold rain outdoors where it can't slosh you, and setting down to good old fish and boiled potatoes and a nice cold goblet of water in a nice hot kitchen?"

Henry, taking his seat at the table, looked misgivingly at the plate before him on the white oilcloth. "Old fish?" he asked. "How old?"

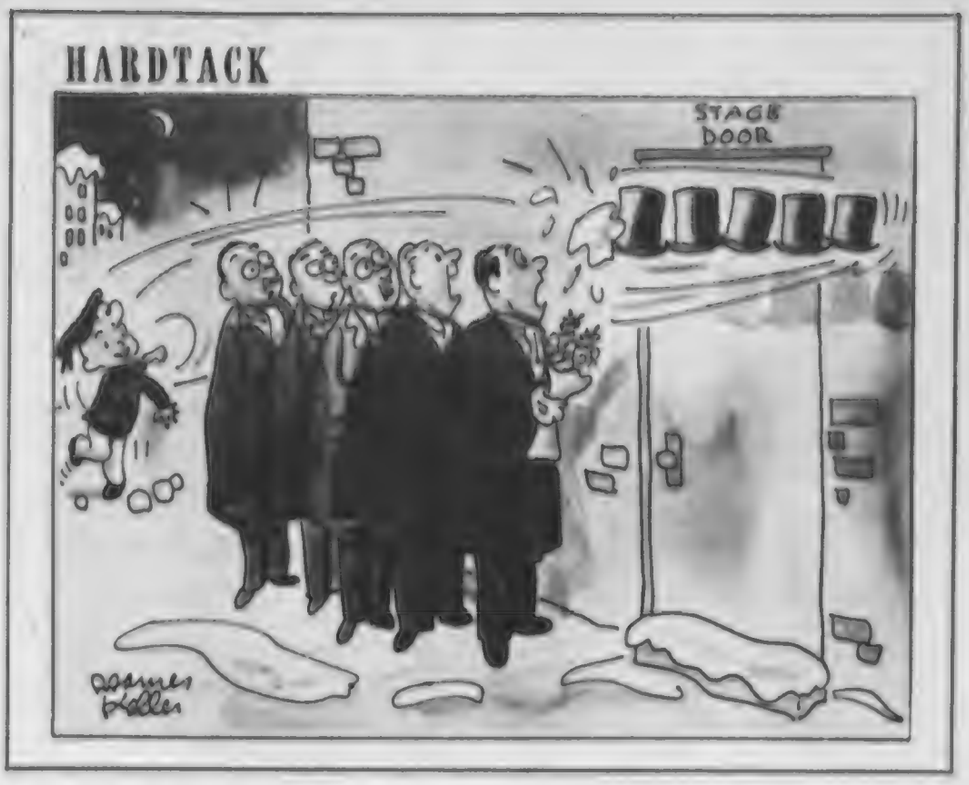
"It isn't," Mattie assured him. "Father only means he likes fish."

"So do this cat and dog," Henry said. "Do they always behave starved while a person's trying to eat?"

"They're affectionate," Mr. Mern explained. "It shows they like you, Henry, wanting you to hand 'em something from your plate. They wouldn't do it except they'd took a notion to you. They trust you."

Henry believed himself not finicky; but even in the Army he hadn't enjoyed listening to people who went on talking while they had a good deal of food in their mouths.

"It must feel like you're almost in a dream, Henry. After all the bang-



bang and shootin' you been through with them Nazis, to come back and get out here to God's country, the land of broad fields and blue skies, instead of havin' to start in again way up there in them cold New Hampshire mountains among all them New England people—it must seem like magic! I expect you feel it's pretty wonderful havin' a nice house like this in a nice busy town and a sweet-lookin' little wife and a lovely child and a splendid job all waitin' for you, whilst all you had to do was just walk in and set down and enjoy 'em! Why, when I was your age if some angel from heaven or the President of the United States had of offered me a set-up like this—"

He was interrupted. "Get off o' me!" Henry said, as the cat jumped upon his lap and tried to attach himself there when ill received. "Got claws like a grizzly bear's. This fish sets him crazy. He—*ouch!*" The former soldier, though anything but hardhearted, spoke as profanely as if still in the Army, and made impulsively a wide-armed sweep that sent the intruder half across the room.

HEN, tail up in alarm, jumped into the clothesbasket, bringing Henrietta a fright greater than his own. Naturally Henrietta called in her own way for help, and went on calling for it after she'd been rescued. In her mother's arms and brought to the table, she still suffered from shock and made her condition known to the very rooftree. Mattie tried to comfort her and eat a little at the same time. Henny, either excited by Henrietta's noise or merely supplicating for food, barked and barked. Mr. Mern somehow made his mild voice heard:

"I'm afraid the coffee acts like it's boiling over, dearie."

"Oh, my soul!" Mattie cried, and, losing her head, dumped their distressed child into its father's lap, he being next to her; Mr. Mern was across the table. She upset her chair as she sprang up; the clatter made both Henrietta and Henny louder, coffee spilled and hissed on the stove, and the cat came back from behind the clothesbasket, again interested in Henry.

"Take this baby back," Henry begged. "I can't handle her. I got no experience with 'em. Look out—she's going to be sick, too; she acts like it."

MR. MERN spoke pacifyingly: "No, no; that isn't sickness. Hen landing on her that way just give her a surprize. They don't like gettin' surprised. Kind of rock her up and down, Henry, and she'll feel quieted. Just rock her and—"

"Rock her? She won't let me. Look the way she's squirming. She don't like me! She's going to be sick, I can tell that much! I can't—"

"Just a minute!" Mattie snatched scorched fingers from the coffeepot's handle. "Just one min—"

"She's going to be sick, I tell you," Henry insisted. "She don't like me and she don't like the smell of this fish. She's going to be sick."

"But it's fresh, honey. Haddock always smells that way. The fishman told me it's—"

"She *is* sick!" Henry said. "Listen to how she sounds. My gosh, can't you take her?"

"But, Henry, just let me bring your coffee—"

"Thanks, but I don't want 'ny." Henry was in great pain of mind. He rose, pushed the more-than-ever-clamorous Henrietta upon his wife, and turned away from the table. "Know where you put my raincoat?"

"Your—your raincoat, honey?"

"Yes. I need it."

"But, Henry, you haven't finished your— You haven't even had your coffee yet."

"Said I didn't want 'ny."

"But, honey, you don't want to go out in the rain, do you?"

"Don't worry, looks like I'm maybe kind of in the way here. Anyhow I just got to—I mean I forget where I put my raincoat."

Both Mattie and Mr. Mern were looking at him with a pitiable apprehension. "There, there, Henrietta; there, there!" Mattie said. "I hung it up in that little hall closet where your hat and empty suitcase are, Henry, if—if you think you got to—got to go somewhere."

"Well, I—" Henry walked to the inner door. "Don't worry. I guess I'll just go take a look around uptown." He spoke gently but with an elaborate casualness that intensified the anxiety in the gaze of his wife and his father-in-law.

Mr. Mern loosened from his neck his tucked-in napkin, got to his feet. "Expect you're maybe right, Henry. Good idea for us menfolks to take a little walk outdoors while Mattie gets things straightened up. I might just as well see if I can find an umbrella somewhere and go along with you. I got plenty time and so—"

"Nope," Henry said. "I mean, thank you, but— I mean, if you don't mind, I wasn't just looking for any company exactly. I mean, I—well, just excuse me, please. Good-by."

He passed hurriedly through the sitting room into the little hallway, took his raincoat and hat from the shallow closet there, and went out by the front door, scrabbling his way into the raincoat as he met the weather. He didn't turn his head to look back; but when he'd closed the white picket gate behind him, the side of his eye informed him of four faces at the front window of the cottage. In the center of the small lawn was a tiny wet bed of bedraggled asters, Mattie's special disappointment because she'd hoped they'd be a cheery welcome to him when he came from the war; but they'd been frostbitten, so they wilted before the great day.

TWO of the faces at the window, Henrietta's and Henny's, showed merely a little curiosity; but Mattie's and Mr. Mern's were wistful. Mattie's and Mr. Mern's faces weren't frightened exactly; Henry hadn't packed his suitcase; he hadn't even taken his new cloth overcoat with him—and it had been hanging right on his raincoat in the hall closet—so it looked as if he'd be pretty sure to come back.

Henry, striding, head down, by the dismal filling station beyond the three muddy vacant lots, didn't care about his suitcase or his new overcoat.

All he wanted right now was to be on that bus and headed for New Hampshire.

The conclusion of this story will appear next week

THE HOME FRONT

"The people upstairs have a sunken living room!"

LIBERTY

BITTER LEGACY

Continued from Page 37

"She's coming here, all right," Alice said. "Who is she, mama?"

"I never saw her before," Mrs. Peters said, and went to the door.

Miss Vail walked slowly up the path, forcing her steps. It was different now, in the light of day. The night before, it had seemed so simple, so genuine, but now that she was here and approaching the door she was unsure.

A woman was waiting at the door, a thin woman with bright brown eyes and dark hair and an alertly poised body. Miss Vail smiled and said uncertainly, "I'm looking for a Mr. Peters. Sam Peters."

"He's not in now," the woman said. "I'm his wife."

Miss Vail paused, then nodded. She should have expected he would have a family. The situation seemed so complicated all at once. It was a hot day. The sun was angled onto the porch and she felt tired and a little breathless. She said slowly, "My name is Lucy Vail. I'm a friend of Miss Jenny Peters."

"Aunt Jenny?" Mrs. Peters said, and her eyebrows went up over her bright brown eyes. "Well, come in out of the sun."

Just inside the door a girl was waiting, slim like her mother and with the same warm brown eyes. She was pretty, Miss Vail thought, and quite young. Not over eighteen.

"My daughter, Alice," Mrs. Peters said. "Well, how is Aunt Jenny?"

Miss Vail hesitated. They did not know that the old woman was dead. She decided on the moment not to mention it; she did not analyze why, and she sat down in silence in the chair Mrs. Peters indicated. Mrs. Peters sent her daughter for iced tea and took a chair facing Miss Vail.

MISS VAIL had lost the fine warm impulse that had visited her the night before with the champagne. She must be a realist now, she told herself; she must not be a jellyfish about this thing. One had to be sure before handing over a huge sum of money to a stranger. One had to consider all the factors involved. Besides, it was the nephew she had come to see.

She inspected the room. The furniture was a standard living-room suite, not too expensive, and well worn. Miss Vail met Mrs. Peters' questioning eye and murmured, "It's a nice old house. It looks so lived in."

"My husband was born in this house," Mrs. Peters' brown eyes studied Miss Vail. "It's old-fashioned, of course, and it certainly needs a new coat of paint, but it suits us very well."

"It's large," Miss Vail said. "You have a large family?"

"No, just my husband and daughter and myself." Mrs. Peters had an air of expectancy.

The motive for her coming was

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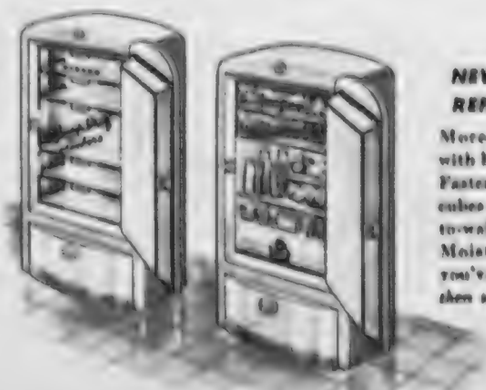

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confused now in Miss Vail's mind and she felt indecisive. She had no plan, only an instinct for delay. There were things she had to know. She said, "I'm eager to meet your husband. His aunt spoke of him to me."

"Oh, she did?" said Mrs. Peters.

"It's because of her I dropped in to see you," Miss Vail said. "When can I see your husband, Mrs. Peters?"

"Well, he's at his office. He gets home from work about six o'clock."

HER business was with the nephew, Miss Vail told herself, not with his wife. She took a glass of iced tea from Alice, who sat down on a couch near her mother. Miss Vail spooned sugar into her tea and asked, "What is Mr. Peters' business? I don't believe I heard Miss Peters say."

"Why, he's superintendent of schools," Mrs. Peters said, giving Miss Vail a curious glance.

"Perhaps if I went to his office now, I'd find him in," Miss Vail said.

Mrs. Peters hesitated, moved her hands apologetically. "He's terribly busy. Last week of school, you know."

"Oh, yes," Miss Vail said. She felt uncomfortable under the woman's glance. "Then perhaps he can drop in and see me. I'm staying at the Terminal Hotel." She had the old instinct to apologize, a relic of yesterday's poverty. "When I got off the train I went to the first hotel I saw."

Mrs. Peters still hesitated. "Are you an old friend of Aunt Jenny?" she asked.

"Just this last month," Miss Vail said. "I never knew her until a month ago." The deception brought a flush to her cheeks, but she was determined now not to say that she had been the old woman's nurse and that Aunt Jenny was dead. It would save for the nephew, she thought.

Mrs. Peters made up her mind. "Why not come to supper tonight, and you can see Sam then?"

"Why, I'd like to!" Miss Vail said.

She finished her iced tea and stood up. Mrs. Peters murmured something about taking pot-luck, and Miss Vail could see that she was restraining her eagerness to ask questions. She was sure that there would be a telephone call to the office of the superintendent of schools as soon as she left the house.

She was sure, too, that Aunt Jenny must have had some good reason for cutting them out of the will. After all, she thought, was it fair to Aunt Jenny to walk in and hand over half the money, or anyhow some of the money? Aunt Jenny must have had a reason, and wasn't it her duty to find out what it was before she did anything foolish?

It could be the wife, something to do with the marriage. Or perhaps there was something in the nephew's past that Aunt Jenny had disapproved of. The daughter was too young. What could a child of eighteen have done to estrange her great-aunt?

There were ways of finding out these things, Miss Vail thought as she walked back to the Terminal Hotel in the hot sun, and she felt that she had to know, she had to find out. She had a responsibility—to Aunt Jenny and to the thirty thousand dollars. She had to be sure before she turned any of it over to Aunt Jenny's nephew against Aunt Jenny's wishes.

WHEN Miss Vail returned at half past five to the old buff house, she found Alice Peters sitting in a rocking chair, reading a magazine. Her big bright eyes appraised Miss Vail as she approached, and she said, "Sit down. Mama's busy in the kitchen."

"Caldwell has never managed to 'get his man,' and I think I've found the reason why."
LIBERTY

The girl dropped the magazine on her lap and put her feet up on the porch railing. Miss Vail essayed a smile and said softly, as she sat down, "I don't remember your Aunt Jenny ever speaking of you, Alice."

"Oh, that's because we had a fight," the girl said.

Miss Vail's eyes sharpened. She leaned forward. "Really? What could a child like you find to fight about with a nice old lady like your great-aunt?"

"Nice old lady!" Alice grinned. "Aunt Jenny's a pretty rugged old citizen. If you know Aunt Jenny you ought to know that."

"I always found her very sweet," Miss Vail said.

"Then you don't know Aunt Jenny. Don't tell *me*." Alice shrugged her shoulders. "I guess it's because you're not related."

"What does that have to do with it?"

"Well, if you're not related she can't think she owns you," Alice said. "You can have normal relations with her, but we certainly can't. We're her family and she thinks we have a special obligation to her just because we're related."

THERE was defiance in the girl's tone, and Miss Vail pursed her lips, remembering the old woman in the hospital bed, the sharp command in her tone, and her imperious use of the service she had paid for.

"One thing after another with Aunt Jenny," Alice said. "Packing her bags. Always packing her bags."

"How's that?" Miss Vail asked.

"You know how sensitive she is," Alice said, "or pretends to be. And she's so spoiled. She gets her feelings hurt every time she's here and runs upstairs to pack. Then dad or mama has to go up and apologize and they have a big scene. She's always looking for something to make a fuss about and she always finds it."

"And naturally," Miss Vail said sweetly, "you don't want to have an outright break with her."

"I guess not." Alice grinned. She shrugged her shoulders. "Still, she goes away mad most of the time. But you can depend on it that something is going to come up, like paying my expenses in college. I suppose something's coming up again. Isn't that why you're here?"

"Goodness," Miss Vail said, "I was just passing through town and I stopped by." She met the girl's bright eyes. "So she's paying for your education? That's nice, isn't it?" She thought that Aunt Jenny was due a certain consideration in return for money she had put up.

"Not exactly," Alice said. "It was just so she could renew the obligation, that's all. She was on the outs with dad, so she moved in on me. That's her technique. She picked out the college, and I had to go to the one she picked. She was always writing letters to the dean of women, checking up on me. And whenever she comes through town she wants

to decide my whole life for me. But she can't stop me from marrying Bill, I can tell you that."

"Who is Bill?" Miss Vail asked.

"I thought you'd know that." The girl inspected Miss Vail. "Bill Randall. He's why we had a fight. But we're going to get married, and Aunt Jenny can't stop it. I don't have to pay attention to Aunt Jenny any more. I'm the last one. I—"

"Alice," Mrs. Peters said sharply from the doorway.

"Yes, mama."

"I want you to go in and watch the stove," Mrs. Peters said in a stiff voice. "Hello, Miss Vail. I didn't know you'd come. Will you excuse Alice, please?"

"Of course," Miss Vail said. "May I help?"

Mrs. Peters did not answer. She took the chair Alice had left. There was a set smile on her face.

MISS VAIL was frowning, reviewing what Alice had said. It impressed her now that the relationship of nurse to patient had been almost that of poor relation in Aunt Jenny's case. She recalled apologizing to Aunt Jenny two or three times a day because the orange juice was not properly chilled, because the window was open an inch too wide, because of a dozen trivial details. She thought she understood now why the old woman had left her the money.

"It's rather warm today, isn't it?" Mrs. Peters murmured.

"It's cool here on the porch," Miss Vail said. "This is the most comfortable place I've been today."

"Yes, this house is cool," Mrs. Peters said. "It's a tired old house, but it's comfortable. It belonged to Aunt Jenny, and my husband was born in it." She added as an afterthought. "She gave it to us as a wedding present."

Miss Vail nodded. Obviously Aunt Jenny had not disapproved of the marriage if she had given them the house. She thought now that she had been mistaken in looking for a single, specific reason for the disinheritance.

"I think Aunt Jenny has often regretted it," Mrs. Peters went on, with a smile. "I think she wishes she still had title to this house."

"You think so," Miss Vail said. "Why?"

"Well, she likes to be in the driver's seat," Mrs. Peters said, then frowned. She asked abruptly, "Did Aunt Jenny send you here, Miss Vail?"

Miss Vail hesitated, then nodded. "I came in her behalf."

"I see no point beating around the bush," Mrs. Peters said. "We understand Aunt Jenny and she knows how we feel. Just what is it she wants?"

Miss Vail smiled and said smoothly, "I came to see your husband, Mrs. Peters."

"That's his car turning into the driveway now." Mrs. Peters stood up. "Here he is now, Miss Vail."

A tall man with a slight stoop got out of the car and walked briskly to the porch steps. There was a tentative smile on his face as he looked at Miss Vail. His wife said, "Sam, this is Miss Vail. I spoke to you about her on the phone."

"Yes indeed," Sam Peters said, and put out his hand. "How do you do, Miss Vail?"

"She wants to talk to you, Sam," his wife said. "Alone, I gather."

Sam Peters nodded. He sat down beside Miss Vail and said casually, "What's Aunt Jenny up to, sending an emissary around? We haven't heard from her in a long time. She didn't even answer my last letter."

Miss Vail hesitated an instant, cleared her throat. She said flatly, "Your Aunt Jenny is dead, Mr. Peters."

Mrs. Peters swung around in the doorway to stare at Miss Vail, and Sam Peters' mouth opened, but he did not speak. Inside, the telephone was ringing and Alice's clear voice called, "I'll get it."

"Dead?" Sam Peters said at last. "When?"

"Two days ago."

"We hadn't heard," he said slowly. "You'd think they would have notified us. Poor old girl. That's too bad." He had kindly gray eyes which now looked genuinely troubled, Miss Vail thought. He looked at her. "Why weren't we notified?"

"When she was admitted to the hospital she said she had no next of kin," Miss Vail explained.

SAM PETERS gave his head a shake. "That's Aunt Jenny for you," he said. "Well, I suppose I should have expected her to carry her grudges to the grave. What hospital was it, Miss Vail?"

Alice was calling from inside, "It's for you, dad."

"What's that?"

"Telephone."

"He doesn't want to be king any more. He wants us to elect him president!"
LIBERTY

He gave Miss Vail a quick glance before he got up and went into the house. Mrs. Peters stood aside at the door but did not take her eyes off Miss Vail. Her breath expired audibly and she said, "I wonder why you didn't tell us in the beginning, Miss Vail?"

Miss Vail had nothing to say. She heard Sam Peters' voice on the telephone, his high incredulous tone. "Me in trouble? What are you talking about? Of course I'm not in trouble. . . . I see. . . . When was that? . . . This afternoon. Well, thanks, I—"

"I THINK you owe us an explanation, Miss Vail," Mrs. Peters said. "You see, it was bad news," Miss Vail said. "I do so hate to bring bad news."

Sam Peters appeared at the door, frowning. His eyes were a wintry gray as he looked at Miss Vail, and there was a pinched look at their corners.

He sat down again and said quietly, "Tell us about Aunt Jenny."

"I only knew her a little while," Miss Vail said quietly. "In her last days, I was her nurse."

"At the hospital?"

"Yes. Special nurse for five weeks, until she died."

"And you came down here to tell us of her death," Sam Peters said, nodding. "That was kind of you—" He broke off. Alice was calling, "Telephone, dad." Miss Vail had not heard the ring.

Mrs. Peters was still standing, leaning a little against the wall of the house. Her eyes were hard and shining, but she did not speak. They heard Sam Peters' voice inside: "This is the second call I've had. . . . Yes, Tom. . . . A confidential investigator? . . . No, I don't understand it. But thanks for calling."

His wife turned her head as he

opened the door. She took a step toward him. "Who was that, Sam?"

"Mr. Clark from the bank."

"What did he want? I couldn't help overhearing."

"Joe Smith from the Chamber of Commerce first," Sam said. "Now Mr. Clark."

THE phone rang again, and he spun around. Mrs. Peters followed him into the house this time, and Miss Vail got to her feet. Her heart pounded and her face was flushed. She started toward the steps, but stopped when Alice Peters came to the door and called, "Where are you going? Supper's about ready."

Miss Vail turned. The girl's brown eyes were bright and curious, but lacked the hard glint that had come into her mother's eyes.

"Alice," she whispered, "do you still want to go to college?"

"Oh, I don't care," the girl said. "I suppose so. Mama says I've got to wait a year before I get married."

"I'm going to fix it for you," Miss Vail said hurriedly.

"Fix what?"

"So you can go to college."

"No, thank you," Alice said evenly. "No more Aunt Jenny for me."

"Didn't they tell you, my dear? Aunt Jenny is dead."

Sam Peters' step was heavy. He let the screen door slam behind him. Miss Vail tried to avoid his eyes.

"The president of the Board of Education just called me," he said. "There's quite a bit of excitement around town. Perhaps you can explain it, Miss Vail."

Miss Vail's face was pink. "Explain what?"

"A woman who said she was a confidential investigator has been asking questions and the idea is around that I'm in some sort of trouble." His eyes met hers. "The description fits you, Miss Vail."

Miss Vail backed away to the porch railing. "I only asked some questions," she said miserably. "I didn't mean to cause any trouble. I just wanted to find out."

"Find out what?"

"Why your Aunt Jenny cut you out of her will," Miss Vail said steadily.

Sam Peters stared at her, bit his lip. At last he nodded. "So she cut us out. Well, I'm not surprised. She was always changing her will, and she took pains to let us know that she had. It was her trump card and I can imagine how she enjoyed playing it." He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, that's that. I decided a long time ago that I'd rather have my independence than her money. I think we all feel that way about it, don't we?"

Mrs. Peters nodded but did not take her eyes off Miss Vail's face. Abruptly he swung around. "But where do you come in, Miss Vail? Just what is it to you?"

"I came down here to see you"—Miss Vail began, and stopped, then finished quietly—"because I decided to finance your daughter's college education." The thought of giving half the money to the nephew did not enter her head; she had abandoned it long since.

"You finance it?" Sam Peters said.

Mrs. Peters stepped forward, and her voice was acid as she said, "It's obvious, Sam. Aunt Jenny left the money to *her*."

"She always said—" he began, but stopped. He looked steadily at Miss Vail and finished tonelessly. "She always said she was leaving it to charity when she changed her will before."

MISS VAIL forced herself to meet his gray eyes. "She left me the money," she said.

"You see it, Sam," Mrs. Peters said in an angry rush of words. "She was Aunt Jenny's nurse. She was there at the deathbed and got the money left to her. Isn't that undue influence? Isn't that blackmail, or something?"

"I certainly never did a thing to influence her," Miss Vail said, her voice rising. "You could have knocked me over with a feather when I learned she'd left me all that money."

"I'd like to know just why you came down here," Sam Peters said. His was the only calm voice. "To check up? To see if you could get anything on us in case we decided to contest?"

"Well, we're going to contest!" Mrs. Peters cried. "We certainly are!"

"And why the offer to send Alice to college?" Sam Peters demanded. "Was it conscience?"

Miss Vail drew in a deep breath. She felt hemmed in by the unfriendly eyes. Her voice was thin and unsteady when she needed strength and volume. "I just wanted to be fair," she said. "I didn't want to take it all if you needed it. It didn't seem fair."

Mrs. Peters laughed shortly and mimicked Miss Vail's thin tone, "It didn't seem fair!"

Miss Vail edged toward the steps, but Sam Peters followed her. "We'll contest the will all right," he said. "You can depend on that. We'll prove undue influence, and you won't get a nickel of it, young woman, not one nickel."

The steps were under Miss Vail's feet now and the path ahead of her was an avenue of flight.

"I'll see my lawyer in the morning!" Sam Peters shouted out after her.

Miss Vail hurried away under the sycamores. Her face was pale and her mouth was set in a tight line. If they wanted a fight, she thought, they'd get a fight. She would certainly put up a fight, and she had Aunt Jenny on her side. Aunt Jenny hadn't wanted them to get the money and they wouldn't get it. She didn't care what they thought. A woman with thirty thousand dollars in the bank need not be bothered by other people's opinions, she thought; but her feet dragged a little as she walked back to the hotel. She had never had enemies before and she had meant to be so generous, and so fair.

AT the corner she stopped and looked back at the old buff house, and all at once the answer to it was clear. She had been the nearest thing to a relative in Aunt Jenny's mind, after the old woman had renounced her nephew. She was an adopted relative, and it was not kindness or gratitude for a nurse's care that had motivated Aunt Jenny; it was plainly a cronish spite. Aunt Jenny had left the thirty thousand dollars where her own dead hand could still draw checks on the account.

THE END

"I suppose you folks are wondering if I know any tricks?"

LIBERTY

CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY

all-ways delicious...with soda

...ginger ale...cola

California Grape Brandy 84 proof. Cresta Blanca Wine Co., Inc., Manteca, Calif.

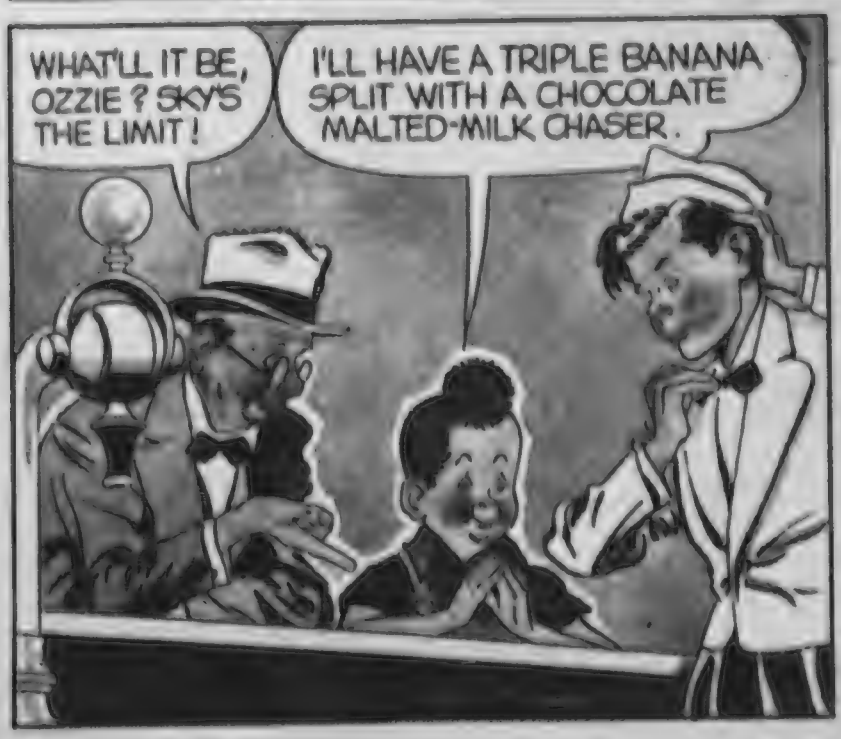
THE THROPP FAMILY

Written by LAWRENCE LARIMER
Illustrated by DON LOU

IS THIS WHERE THAT OZZIE THROPP BRAT LIVES ?
YUP-JUST FOLLOW YOUR NOSE 'TILL YOU MEET TEN OTHER SALESMEN. THAT KID MUST HAVE SPENT HIS REWARD MONEY HOURS AGO.

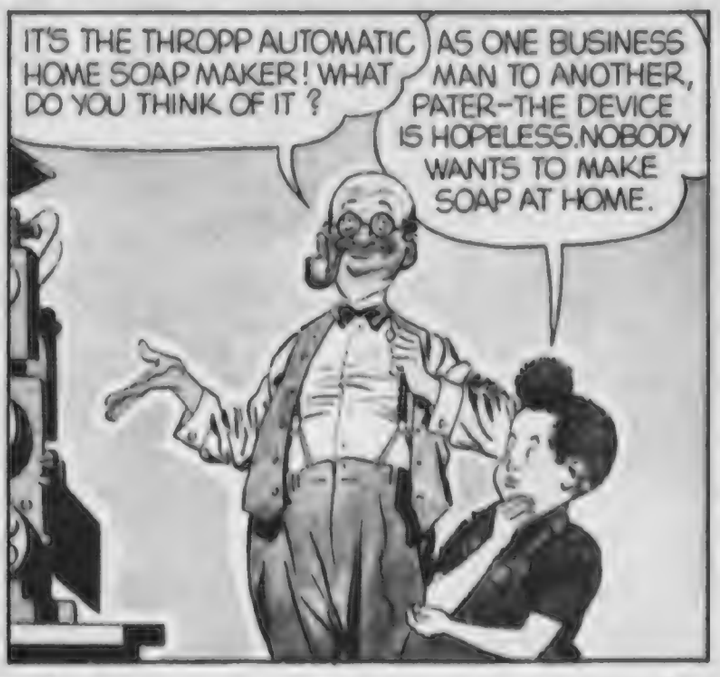
IS OSWALD THROPP HOME ?
I HAVE A POLICY HERE--
OSWALD LEFT WITH HIS FATHER, GENTLEMEN. I IMAGINE HE'LL WANT TO INVEST HIS MONEY WITH HIS DAD, BUT IF ANY OF YOU HAS ANY NYLONS --

SON, YOU AND I CAN BECOME PARTNERS NOW. WE CAN DO BIG THINGS TOGETHER. CAN'T YOU JUST SEE ---
WHITTLE DOWN YOUR VER-BIAGE, PATER. WHAT'S SIMMERING IN YOUR CRANIAL COOKER?



THAT LAST BANANA SPLIT WAS A GASTRONOMIC GEM. NOW FOR YOUR BRAINCHILD---
LET'S GO IN FOR A MINUTE, OZZIE. WHAT I'VE GOT TO SHOW YOU WILL MAKE YOUR EYES POP!
RMACY

THIS DEVICE WILL MAKE THE THROPP NAME A HOUSEHOLD WORD. IT'S REVOLUTIONARY! WE'LL CALL IT THE—
BRIDLE YOUR GALLOPING EMOTIONS, PATER WHAT LURKS UNDER YON SHEET?
IRIPLEX TABLETS


IT'S THE THROPP AUTOMATIC HOME SOAP MAKER! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?
AS ONE BUSINESS MAN TO ANOTHER, PATER-THE DEVICE IS HOPELESS. NOBODY WANTS TO MAKE SOAP AT HOME.

THEN YOU WON'T INVEST YOUR MONEY IN IT?
NOT A CHANCE, PATER. I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA-IT'LL MANUFACTURE GOLD FOR US RIGHT HERE IN THE STORE! I CAN SEE IT NOW--- AGAINST THAT WALL---

AGAINST THE WALL? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
A NECTAR NOOK! A SACCHARINE DISPENSARY! THAT'S WHAT THIS STORE NEEDS-WE'LL BUILD IT OVER THERE---A SODA FOUNTAIN!

Continued next week

LOVE ON A LEASH

Continued from Page 31

New York after the war was over, and John had distinguished himself in the Navy by managing to save an admiral's right molar when other dentists swore it would have to come out. John was a catch. If sometimes he was a little stiff and uncompromising, it was only because he was such a model of integrity. Susan knew that she was a lucky girl. And, besides, after only three weeks in New York, she was beginning to succeed as a model and was able to send her family a little money for the extras they desperately needed.

She rose wearily to her feet. Her reflection in the mirror over the fireplace was not heartening. Her face was dirty and her hair was awful. She felt tired and alone. Unbearably tired. She would have to sleep with her hair in curlers in order to turn up looking like anything at the model agency in the morning. And when she got back to the apartment, John's mother would smell liquor on her breath. John's mother didn't disapprove of drinking, in fact she often had a glass of sherry herself before dinner, but Susan didn't know how she was going to explain drinking on a dog walk. If, of course, the horrible man ever came back with Fire.

JUST as she was buttoning her raincoat, the door opened. Fire walked in and shook himself. George, looking beaten, followed him. He stared at her. "You're not going already? Stay and have another drink. You owe it to me. Everything finally happened. Fire's O.K. for the night now."

"I couldn't," Susan said. "They're probably sending the police after me. Why were you so long?"

George stopped in the process of shedding his coat. "Look, darling. That's no way to treat a gent who was being a Boy Scout. If I hadn't stayed out with the dog, you would have had to. That is, according to your boy friend's rules."

"I know," Susan said. "But you don't understand. When John's in bed with a cold, his mother hovers over him and makes him nervous. He'll be frantic. Thank you, though."

"Thank you, Susan Welsh. In this day and age, it's a pleasure to meet a woman who intends being a doormat to her husband."

Susan took Fire's leash in her hand. "You don't need to be horrid."

"Horrid? That's gratitude for you. But if you want to know, I *feel* horrid. My feet are wet and I'm probably catching a worse cold than John's. This is not puppy-training weather. I know now why you look so awful. Good night."

Fire pulled toward the hearth. Susan jerked him back. "Good night."

She stood uncertainly for a moment, but George did not look up. "Good night," she repeated and left.

"Isn't that funny—it wouldn't work at home!"

LIBERTY

John was in bed and, Susan prayed, asleep when she let herself into the apartment. At least, his bedroom door was closed. John's mother was reading in the living room. Susan tried to sneak by, but John's mother was too alert.

"Is that you, Susan? We've been worried about you. John said a puppy that young shouldn't be kept out in the rain for two hours."

Susan tried to keep her voice calm. "He told me not to come in until something happened. I didn't stay out because I liked it."

"Now, Susan, you wanted the puppy. When you take on little young things, you have to accept the responsibility. Wait until you and John have children. If there is anything John abhors, it is a badly disciplined dog or child."

The puppy shivered and Susan caught him up in her arms. "Please, mother, I'm terribly wet. I think I'll go to bed."

John's mother stood up. "I'll tell John you are back. Naturally, he was a little annoyed. You know how men are."

"Naturally," Susan answered and fled to her bedroom. It was large and, like the rest of the house, furnished in handsome old family pieces. Susan saw that they had put a small bath mat on the floor near a heavy table, to which Fire was to be tied for the night. This was right, Susan knew. But the puppy looked wet and miserable. Susan stripped off her own clothes and rubbed Fire down with a bath mat, as she had seen George do. She took him into the bathroom with her while she bathed and put her hair up in hairpins. He was asleep on the chenille rug when she finished. Asleep and snoring remarkably loud for such a small animal. She picked him up and carried him back to her room. The bath mat was wet. Fire's leash was soaked through. With a reckless gesture, Susan put Fire on the bottom of her bed, and got in after him. She fell asleep with him in her arms.

BY the next week Susan had lost five pounds, and only vigorous concentration on chocolate malted milks and baked potatoes had prevented her clothes from falling off her bones. But the puppy had grown fat and stubborn. John's cold was worse and he divided his leisure in bed between writing a treatise on root canal fillings and scheduling Susan's waking hours.

Fire couldn't seem to learn the obedience tests John had set down for him. His automatic response to every command was to roll on his back in front of Susan. Fire was a one-woman dog. John's sickroom, with its eternally steaming pot of benzoin, terrified the dog. John's mother, with her chorus of housewifely "no's," was a formidable character to Fire. But the puppy knew that he could bully Susan. He would chew on her bare feet. He could always wheedle an extra puppy biscuit out of her by looking pitiful. He tangled in his leash when she tried to teach him to walk properly on the street. And the sleeping-in-her-bed situation had reached a state where he would howl if she didn't take him in beside her.

Susan did not know how, when the time came, she would explain that situation to John. But she knew it was too late for her to do anything; John would have to take that matter in hand. She was debating the problem uneasily in her mind at six thirty on a Sunday morning when, from her usual position beside Fire in the gutter, she saw George Wharton emerge from his studio and come toward them. Susan was dressed in overalls, without lipstick, for dog walking had long since robbed her of vanity. The fact that George looked worse than she did made her feel friendly toward him.

"Hello," she called to him. "How do I teach the puppy not to sleep with me?"

He paused, and Susan could see that his eyes were bloodshot. "I should think that would be reasonably difficult. You're quite a pretty girl when you're dry."

"No, seriously," Susan said. "I'm sorry I was rude that night. But I had had a tough day. I was worn out."

"I'm worn out now. I worked all night on a job. I didn't know it was still so early, and I'm out of cigarettes. I came out to get a package and the stores are still closed."

"Here." Susan reached in the pocket of her overalls and drew out a crumpled package. "I have more at home. Besides, I never smoke until I've had coffee. And we don't have coffee at John's house until eight o'clock."

He grinned at her. "I have coffee on the stove," he said. "I was even considering a couple of eggs. If I

(Continued on page 68)

How to keep your family nice and warm
WITHOUT A LICK OF WORK—WITHOUT A SPECK OF DIRT!

If YOU STILL mess around with a coal or wood stove—here's something better than liniment for your aching back!

It's *freedom* from work! *Freedom* from dirt! Life is like this with a Duo-Therm Fuel Oil Space Heater:

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Heat it with cheap fuel oil—in a Duo-Therm Water Heater! Plenty of hot water for the average-size family—for less than 4c a day! Installed anywhere—no gas or electric connections needed!

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(*Continued from page 66*)

accept your cigarettes, would you join me?"

Susan hesitated. It was a long time until eight o'clock and George was almost an old friend. Besides, he had been good to Fire at a time when both she and Fire needed a friend. "I'd love it," she said.

George's apartment was more pleasant than she remembered. The furniture was shabby but comfortable. His paintings—rather good paintings, it seemed to Susan—were stacked carelessly against the walls.

GEORGE went to the kitchen. She and Fire followed him. The coffee on the stove smelled good. But before he did anything else, George broke an egg into a saucer, poured milk on it and put it down on the floor. Fire seemed to absorb it in one gulp, like a vacuum cleaner. They both watched.

"You know a lot about dogs," she said. "I never did, until I had Fire. Even now I'm stupid. But there's so much to learn."

He brought out an iron skillet. "Not so much. All you have to do is love them and they'll turn out all right."

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "There's a right way and a wrong way. If you start them wrong, they'll be a nuisance the rest of their lives. They have to be disciplined from the first."

He lined bacon up in the skillet and lighted the fire. "It depends on what you mean by discipline."

"He's getting obedience training, learning to heel and to stay still when you tell him to and to do a show finish and stuff. That is," she added lamely, "he's supposed to be getting it. John's still sick, and I guess I'm not a very good trainer. Fire doesn't like lessons."

George turned to her gravely. "I know a lot of men who flunked in school lessons and turned out fine. A dog's instinct is to please you. Let him know what you think is necessary and he'll try. I don't hold with teaching a puppy a lot of foolish tricks."

"It isn't tricks! It's important. It's obedience training. A well-trained dog is the symbol of a well-organized master."

George stared into the bacon. "And a lily-livered mistress," he said.

His voice was so quiet that Susan could hardly believe that she had heard him correctly. By small degrees the full enormity of his accusation came to her.

"I think I'm not hungry after all," she said. "I don't know why I spoke to you in the first place this morning."

He faced her. "I do. You liked me. We're the same kind of people. And I don't know this John of yours, but you're crazy if you marry him. Opposites may attract each other, but they shouldn't get married. If you do, you'll turn into a nice quiet little woman who gets high marks in her obedience tests. Why don't you get wise to yourself?"

He put a hand on her arm. Susan pulled away from him and his grip tightened. "I didn't ask for your opinion and I'm not interested," she said tightly. "A dirty unshaven boor like you couldn't understand a man like John. He's a gentleman. He has breeding. He comes from a long line of gentlemen."

"If you liked him so much, you wouldn't be defending him so fiercely. You wouldn't bother. You'd be slapping me in the face and telling me to go to hell."

Susan stood looking up at him, her blue eyes narrowed. The anger that welled up in her made her dizzy. Suddenly she pulled back her hand and slapped him full on the mouth. "Go to hell," she said.

The next thing that she knew her face was pressed against his shirt and she smelled bacon burning. And George was holding her firmly. "You're a funny bunny. Don't think I haven't been hanging out the window all day long watching you walk Fire. I made up my mind I wouldn't have anything to do with you, but this morning I gave up. My trip to the store was a gag; I have cartons of cigarettes in the house."

Susan struggled and George's arms tightened. "It is completely ridiculous, baby," he said, "but I'm in love with you. For two weeks I've been wondering how it would feel to hold you like this, to kiss you—"

His left hand moved up and caught the brown curls on top of Susan's head. He yanked them backward and held them tightly while he put his lips down on hers. For a long minute Susan was again vaguely aware of the smell of burning bacon. Then she pulled roughly away and he let her go.

"I'm not surprised," she said, and *was* surprised to find that her voice was wavering. "Any girl who is silly enough to let a complete stranger pick her up should expect something like this. I'm not surprised, not at all. Only let me give you a bit of advice. Next time, pick your hours a little better. Don't make a pass at six-thirty in the morning."

"I'm glad you don't wear lipstick," he said. "I didn't know a girl's lips could taste so fresh and wonderful."

"Your bacon's burning," Susan said. "I hope you enjoy it. Good-by."

Her exit was spoiled by the fact that Fire sat firmly on his haunches and had to be dragged out of George's studio, and that there were tears in Susan's eyes.

She walked a long time before she went back to John's apartment. Mixed with her unhappiness was the thought that if John ever found out what a fool she had been, he might not be willing to marry her. Finally her small jeweled wrist watch—John's engagement present—told her that she had to get back if she wanted to get into a dress and lipstick for breakfast. She reluctantly turned Fire back toward the apartment, going around a block to avoid passing George's studio.

John was sitting up in the living room when she unlocked the door. He was wearing a maroon robe over a white shirt and dark trousers. His face was pale but cleanly shaven. The sun fell warmly on the gleaming mahogany furniture, on the magnificent silver tea service that was to be Susan's wedding present, on the soft mellowed Aubusson carpet that had been in John's family for hundreds of years. The room gave Susan a sense of security. She went to John and kissed him with unexpected warmth.

He patted her lightly and looked at the overalls. "You're not in Norfolk, darling. I know walking Fire so early in the morning is a nuisance, but don't you think you'd feel more comfortable if you wore a dress? New York's pretty conventional."

SHE was miserably aware of what a discordant note she struck in the room. "I'm sorry. I'll change right away. But Fire is so tough on stockings."

He glanced up quickly. "He surely doesn't jump up on you still? I told you how to stop that. Just bring your knee up when he does and catch him in the chest. He'll stop."

"I can't kick him," Susan said. "He's so little. Besides, when he jumps up on me, it's because he's excited and loves me."

John shook his head. "You won't feel so tender about it when he weighs fifty pounds. You have to stop him now. Nothing is more objectionable than a dog that jumps all over people." He sighed. "Well, never mind. It was foul luck that I happened to be sick when you got him. I have no objection to your

(*Continued on page 70*)

"I still wish I could think who it is you remind me of."
LIBERTY

They Sleep Secure

WHILE STEEL STANDS GUARD

Suppose fire begins to smoulder in the basement, and little tongues of flame lick at the ceiling . . .

If it's a fire-safe home the fire simply burns itself out, or is prevented from spreading to the living quarters above *for at least two and a half hours*—ample time for the smoke to attract attention, for the family to reach safety, for firemen to extinguish the blaze.

Yes, they sleep secure who are guarded by fire-safe floor construction—by metal lath and plaster ceiling, and thin but sturdy concrete floor, resting on Bethlehem Open-Web Steel Joists.

To the home-owner, as well as the builder of apartment houses and other buildings, steel-joist construction means that fire-safety is within his reach, at less cost than heavy fireproof construction, and at only slightly greater cost than inflammable construction. *Only* steel—in the joists and fastenings, in the lath and concrete reinforcement—makes this protection possible, at such slight extra expense.

★ BETHLEHEM STEEL ★

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Open-Web Joist construction is just one of steel's many uses in home-building. If you are planning a new home, talk to your architect or builder about the many ways in which steel products can help to make your home safer, more pleasant, and more economical to maintain; a better place to live in and a sounder investment.

BUILD FOR FIRE-SAFETY . . . WITH BETHLEHEM OPEN-WEB STEEL JOISTS

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

PHO-DOG-RAPHY: Taking Fido's picture.

HOMESACK: Lonely Yank longing for the folks.

CONAN-DRUM: A puzzle for Detective Doyle.

G.I.FT: Present for a soldier.

TRAYTOR: Waiter who leaves you for another table.

FEMI-NINNY-TY: Female nincompoopity.

OB-LEAK: A drip on the bias.

BOWLES-STER: One for the OPA Chief's aching head.

PEWGILIST: Fetid fighter.

CUSSTOM: Can't get along without swear words.

(*Continued from page 68*)

having a dog, but he must be trained. It will be harder now, but I'll do it."

"He's a good little dog," Susan said. "He's housebroken already."

John smiled. "That was because you used my method. I know it seemed impossible at the time. I hated to keep sending you out in the rain that first day, especially at night, but it was right. You discovered that, didn't you?"

Susan's face flamed. She hurried Fire to the kitchen, being thankful for a puppy's appetite which would give no indication that this was his second breakfast. John's mother, in a crisp blue linen dress, was frying bacon. She was not burning it. Susan hastened to shower.

JOHN'S mother often said comfortably that she was not going to be a traditional mother-in-law; that she believed in letting young people live their own lives. Consequently she made it one of her rules to give John and Susan Sunday alone. Soon after breakfast she departed for Brooklyn, where she went to church and spent the afternoon at the Art Museum. Afterward she had tea with friends and returned late in the evening. These intimate Sundays were supposed to bring John and Susan closer together. But on this particular day, Susan hated to see her leave.

Her forebodings were justified. While she washed the dishes, John took paper and pencil and divided the day into a series of dog lessons. Susan felt grim enough about that, but when she discovered that both she and Fire were going to have instruction, she prolonged the washing of the coffeepot indefinitely. But she could not postpone the inevitable.

All day, between cooking and dishwashing and regular dog walks, she and Fire went to school. First, John demonstrated to them the use of the choke collar, jerking Fire around the room until he yelped with pain and Susan's heart was a lump in her chest. Then he told Susan to follow his example. Early, Susan knew that neither she nor Fire was going to be a Phi Beta Kappa. She was too gentle and ineffectual, and Fire was both stubborn and scared. He acted like a leaping trout on the lead. By teatime John had taken Fire through the intricacies of walking properly, sitting at Susan's heel, and having Fire stay in one position while she walked away from him. The results had not been remarkable. Susan's head was aching and her spine felt like rusty wire. Fire was in such a state of emotional exhaustion that he hid under tables whenever John or Susan spoke to him. Finally, after a tea of thickly sliced cold meat and a limp salad, John announced that he was tired and was going to bed.

"You had better turn in early, too," he said. "This has been a trying day, but we had a lot of habits to correct in Fire. You know you haven't been working with him right."

"I have the dishes to wash," Susan reminded him belligerently, "and Fire has to go out again."

He nodded. "Poor darling. But you'll be glad some day when we have the best-behaved dog in New York. Tie him up in your room while you wash the dishes and then take him out and get into bed. Good night, sweetheart."

He put his arms around Susan, but her shoulders were stiff and she dodged his kiss. He held her at arm's distance. "Look, Susan. Don't be difficult. I'm just as tired as you are. This is my first day up after more than a week in bed. Remember, the dog was your idea."

Susan's eyes met his. "I'd never have taken Fire if I had known it was going to be like this. I thought puppies were supposed to be fun."

John dropped his arms deliberately. "Sometimes I think you exaggerate the importance of fun. You can't drift through life like an irresponsible child. When you and I are married, mother is going to go away for a while and you will have to run my home. This early discipline with a dog is good training for you."

Suddenly Susan remembered George's remark about the well-trained wife with high marks in her obedience tests. She thrust out her jaw. "Maybe we've made a mistake, John. I don't think I am ever going to learn to heel very well. Maybe we'd better call this whole thing off."

John smiled. "Remember how the puppy yelped when I showed him what the choke collar could do? You're like Fire, darling; you are having growing pains. You'll get over them. Good night."

He went into his bathroom and closed the door. Susan could hear him brushing his teeth. John had four toothbrushes for his beautiful white gleaming teeth. He used them in rotation. He insisted upon a clean towel every time he washed his hands. John's mother had warned her carefully about that. She had also warned Susan about brushing her hair in front of the bathroom mirror after they were married. "One hair on the washbowl will upset him for a whole day," she had said. "His being particular is why he has gone so far in his profession. Don't let it annoy you, Susan. Try to appreciate it."

GOING toward the kitchen, Susan shook herself and tried to appreciate. But her hands were shaking so that she almost dropped one of John's beautiful crystal glasses. She pulled herself together and began carefully to stack the dishes. She wrapped the rest of the cold meat in wax paper and put it in a special container in the sparkling white icebox. She rubbed the wooden salad bowl with bread to clean it, the way John's mother had taught her. She washed the dishes in hot soapsuds, then rinsed them with clear hot water. She used separate towels on the glasses and silver. She worked mechanically, miserably. She was painstakingly polishing the kitchen sink when she remembered Fire. She had forgotten to tie him in her room.

She ran to her bedroom, hoping by some improbable chance that Fire had slunk back to his spot by the table leg without invitation. He had not. He was not under the bed, nor in the bathroom. Whispering his name, Susan tiptoed down the hall to the living room.

Fire was stretched out asleep on the unlighted hearth. Susan gasped with relief. Then she saw that there was something in the dog's mouth. She bent over him.

Fire had not been idle while she was washing dishes. He had chewed a hole the size of an apple pie in

the Aubusson carpet. The pieces that he had failed to digest were scattered over the hearth, and one rosy fragment still clung to Fire's languid jowl.

At ten o'clock that night Susan walked around the block for the last time and made up her mind. She rang George Wharton's doorbell. There was no answer. Fire heeled beside her and clawed her stocking. She pushed him away and rang the doorbell again, desperately. Finally a door opened and an uncertain figure in pajamas stood there blinking at her.

"Thank heaven!" Susan said.

George ran his fingers through his hair. "If you're back to eat breakfast, you're out of luck. I finished everything. You were right about the bacon, though. It was burned."

"I'm sorry," Susan said. "Please, may I come in?"

He hesitated. "Listen. I was in bed. Asleep. But—aren't you afraid I'll make another pass at you?"

"Please. I'm in trouble. You've got to help me."

He looked at her wonderingly. "I won't be charming company, but come in. I stayed up all last night to finish a drawing. Remember?"

Susan followed him into the living room. She sat down in a chair gingerly. Fire promptly settled at her feet and fell asleep. "George," she said, "I have to go away. Will you keep Fire for me for a little while?"

He broke off a yawn. "Wait until I get a robe. This apartment is freezing."

WHEN he came back, he was wearing a rumpled robe and had a glass in his hand. He gave it to her. "Drink this and tell me everything. I don't suppose you've come to your senses and murdered John?"

Susan shook her head. "George, this is serious. Something has happened and I'm taking the midnight train home. I—I'll send for Fire later. You can crate him and ship him down. But I haven't any place to leave him. And I thought of you."

He stood over her. Fire opened his eyes and his tail thumped the floor once or twice. Then the dog was asleep again. "Drink up," George said, "and tell me everything. What happened?"

She finished the drink and put the glass on the table. "I'm not going to marry John."

He walked over to the fireplace and fumbled in the pocket of his robe for a match. He found one and bent over and lighted the newspapers beneath the logs. Then he sat down opposite Susan.

"Congratulations. I don't know the guy, but I'm sure I wouldn't want to. How did he take the news?"

"He—he didn't. I didn't tell him. That's why I am taking the midnight train. I want to be gone before he wakes up. And I haven't any place to leave the dog."

George studied the package of matches in his hand. "You're still afraid of John, aren't you?"

"Don't be ridiculous! I just wanted to avoid a scene. And it will all work out just as well. They'll ship my trunk on with a biting little note and I can go on living with my family in Norfolk and—"

"Susan," George said, "I should think you would be a good model."

Susan lifted her face. "Quite a few people said so. Of course I was just beginning, but it was fun. I'll get my old job in the bank back in Norfolk. It won't be quite so glamorous, but—"

George stood up and went over to the fire. He poked it with his slipper. Then he turned around. "You have it all fixed up. Charged up to experience and no bones broken. Well, you've come to the wrong guy to help you tie the last bow. I won't take the dog."

Susan jumped to her feet so quickly that she teetered. Her voice was bitter. "Thanks for everything, Mr. Wharton. Meeting you has been an experience. I've never been slapped down in so many different ways in my life. I—"

"Hush, darling. Let papa finish. I won't take the dog unless you promise to stay in town. I'll find you a hotel room that will do. Besides, I don't plan to have you stay in it long. This apartment always was too big for one person. Too big and too lonesome. It overlooks a nice little garden and it has two-way ventilation, and I'll be a very untidy husband but a loving one, and I'm a good dog trainer."

Suddenly Susan giggled. It was the first time she had felt like it all day. "Do you know why I am running away from John? All day long he trained me and the dog, saying it was my fault the puppy didn't behave. Then John went to bed, and while I was washing the dishes, Fire chewed a big hole in the living-room rug. It was a family heirloom. That's why I can't face him."

George reached out and pulled her to him. This time Susan did not resist. She was tired, achingly tired. George's shoulder felt warm and firm beneath his robe. She relaxed on it. "You don't have to, bunny. I'll find you a place to stay. And in the morning I'll go with you to see John."

"He'll be furious," Susan said happily. "George, do you suppose you could make Fire stop chewing things?"

"Of course, baby." He put his hand under her chin and lifted her lips to his. She drew away from him at last.

Her eyes fell on Fire. Pleased with himself, the puppy was rolling on the hearth with one corner of the woven fireplace rug in his mouth. Susan looked up at George. He put his arm around her.

"They outgrow it," he said. And kissed her again.

THE END

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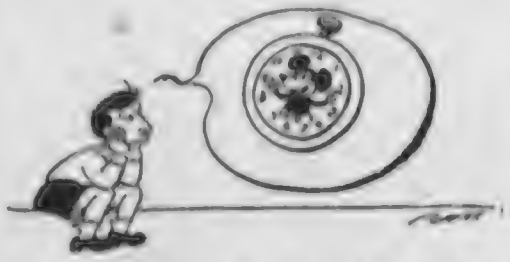
Woman-Talk

BY

MARGARET FISHBACK

VICTORY!—I'll be certain the war is really over, and a new one hasn't yet started, when I can buy a Mickey Mouse watch for my insistent son. He's been asking for a watch since he could talk. A Baby Ben would convince me, too, that peace is here to stay. Though on hand in advertisements, good domestic alarm clocks are still scarce on the counters, and it's only because I have small fry in the home that I haven't overslept since my Ben was stolen, along with a carton of other clocks, from the threshold of a jew-



elry store where I had taken it for repairs. . . . The government has faithfully promised us that the sugar shortage will persist for some time. That doesn't satisfy me, however, when I'm told to blame the sugar shortage for the scarcity of lollipops. Plenty of candy requiring just as much sugar has been available for months. Why is the tot trade being discriminated against? I'm not eager to have my Tarzan eat too much candy, but ever since his pediatrician introduced him to his first lollipop, he has begged for more. Please, manufacturers, let the kiddies have more lollipops!

BORN NATURALIST: Five-year-old Tony Kolker listened in on a conversation between his parents concerning mink coats. Poppa's stand was the usual one: "But you don't really *need* a mink coat. Nobody *needs* a mink coat." At which point Tony interrupted to observe judiciously, "Maybe a *mink* does."

MOTHER'S HELPER: Clarence Birdseye, the New Englander who gave us the first packaged quick-frozen foods, is about to oblige the housewives of the nation with "anhydrous" vegetables and fruits. The new process dries them and semi-cooks them, so they can be prepared for serving in from four to ten minutes, without loss of the flavor, color, or aroma of fresh produce. Some 200 food experts ate anhydrous broccoli, carrots and mashed potatoes at a luncheon in the Waldorf without suspecting they belonged to the magic new food family until afterward, when Mr. Birdseye divulged the secret, while an attractive young woman staged a platform demonstration to show how fast anhydrous foods may be prepared for the table. Most remarkable of the lot were the anhydrous potatoes. In their dried state they looked like small grains of rice. These were placed in the top of a double boiler over hot water, then boiling water stirred in, and the potatoes beaten to fluffiness, all in four minutes flat! Said Mr. Birdseye, as they were being prepared, "I like to cook, but I don't like to cook mashed potatoes in the old-fashioned way, because that means lugging a heavy bag home first. Then I must scrub and peel them, then gouge their eyes out; boil, drain, steam, and finally give them what they so richly deserve—a darned good beating." To simplify this dismal procedure, anhydrous potatoes were evolved along with the rest of the new anhydrous family. Mr. H. W. Roden, president of American Home Foods, Inc., which will process and distribute anhydrous foods, said they would be ready for the public early this year. He pointed out that housewives with limited pantry space can store a wide variety of these fruits and vegetables, thus

eliminating frequent trips to market. A package of carrots, for example, about the size of a package of cigarettes would be sufficient to serve from three to five people. When guests asked Mr. Birdseye if he would forget frosted foods, he exclaimed, "Indeed, no! But 'Frosty' has grown so he can get along all by himself, while I look after my new love, 'Annie,' short for anhydrous." I, for one, know just how the colored cook felt who was interviewing a prospective employer whom she cross-examined in this manner, "Does you peel or does you birdseye?"

HOT TIP

Of course it must have been a slip—
That driver thanked me for my tip!

HORSES ARE FINE PEOPLE

Continued from Page 35

It was Ten Acres, a hardly perceptible pulse at his temple twitching, who suddenly said, "That mare's in labor."

They saw now, the big body heavy and the pain in the big eyes. Most of them were men who had come from farms. Even the cook had been a hired man once, and the captain had come as a runaway from the rocky hell of New England hillside farming. Only Lady was alien to this thing.

Ten Acres was stroking the mare's head and the others were walking around her, making little clicking sounds in their throats as they examined her by the light of the candle stuck to a beam in its own wet grease. She had a faint US branded on one brown flank and her pared hoofs and small dainty steel shoes showed she had belonged to someone important—even a general perhaps. She had come not for war, but was being taken to pasture on some farm until her foal was thrown, when she had run into battle. Now, frightened, she watched the men, her soft rubbery lips pulled back, her fine yellow teeth wet and bared, nostrils no longer blowing incessantly. She felt better with men around her. She had always been cared for by men who knew her worth. A shiver ran through her and she almost fell. Ten Acres, a religious misanthrope, shook his head.

"She's been at this a long time."

"If she gits off her feet, she's a goner."

"Easy, girl."

THE men were very pleased they could do something. They had forgotten the war, the retreat, the night. This was diverting and provocative. They were men of the farmyard again and each in his own way felt himself the expert in such matters. Ten Acres was worried, too. He had worked at a blue-grass stallion station once in his youth and this thing was too prolonged. The mare was very tired, very young. She could keep up the effort not much longer. . . . This was no spavined old farm brood mare.

"We gotta help her."

"Come on, gal—keep trying."

Ten Acres wiped his sweating face. "Maybe the foal ain't layin' right."

"She needs a drink. I hear a brook near here," said Lefty.

Ten Acres took command. "Lefty, you and Lady find that brook and fill your hats. The rest of you move her around and keep her on her feet. Don't let her slip. She's young and she's tired as all hell."

When they came back with the brimming hats, Ten Acres bathed the mare's head and she tried to swallow some water, but her eyes were glazing and her head was

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lower. A humid gray milky mist seemed to fill the shack. The men had trouble keeping her on her feet. They held her swollen barrel and kept ever encouraging her, but the little mare no longer seemed to care.

Ten Acres stripped off his shirt and washed his arms to the shoulders in Lady's hat. It was a good hat with no bullet or ramrod holes in it. Lady had taken it from a dead horseman he had shot at a hundred feet behind a split-log wall. It was a hat for feather and for old silver spurs. Now it was spoiled by the water.

Ten Acres was giving orders now. He was busy around the mare. He was encouraging her, talking to her as if they two had some secret, some duty to perform. He was rubbing her flanks and tenderly touching her here and there, and she seemed to trust him.

THE wind was stirring the candle flame and a demented spider, his web scorched, was running about, repairing the damage. There were, suddenly, small wet hoofs, and the men were very earnest. Ten Acres was cursing, soothing, talking to the mare—his arms full of something large. And then the spider gave up and the candle almost went out.

It was a small orange colt, and Ten Acres was busy with the mare, and the men were very happy. Lady looked down at his broken fancy shoes and then he stroked the mare's head and her eyes no longer had that glazed look.

By dawn the colt was nuzzling the mare's flanks, and the men were very sure of themselves. They sat around eating soiled brown bread that Cookie took from his pack, and the mare was drinking water from Lady's hat, lifting a wet muzzle to stare at the sucking colt, then watching the men.

Ten Acres was telling of his land and the tobacco crop, and Lefty was explaining dry farming in Texas, when suddenly a booming sound came to them. The colt shivered, the mare stopped drinking, and the men were soldiers again.

The colt began to tremble and to dash from side to side. Ten Acres caught it and put his arms around its neck. "Easy, boy—*easy*, boy."

"They break a leg—them colts—if they ain't kept calm," said Lefty.

Ten Acres nodded, worried, and began to sing to calm the colt:

"As it fell out upon a day
  Small rain from sky did fall;
Our Saviour to His Mother said—
  'Pray, may I play at ball?'"

The colt rolled its topaz eyes and Ten Acres stroked its uneasy fur. The mare had retreated to a shadow and stood watching.

"'At ball, at ball, my own dear son,
  You cannot play alone;
And let me hear of no doings
  At night when you come home.'"

The men looked over their shoulders, but Ten Acres did not let go the colt. It seemed calmer now but still worried.

"So up, so down, our Saviour ran
  And loudly He did call,
'Oh, who will come and play with me
  And play with me at ball?'"

There was another boom, but the colt no longer feared it. Ten Acres smiled. It was going to be all right. You just have to show these little fellows it's nothing at all. Even the mare knew it was all right. She came forward and Ten Acres put one arm around her neck and rubbed the colt's bony shoulder blades. It had been a long time since he had sung these hill hymns brought long ago across the sea from who knows where.

And inside, he wanted to go on singing everything he remembered.

"'Oh, we are gay and merry men,
  And born of ladies all,
While you are only a Virgin's child
  And born in an ox's stall.'"

Captain Nelson listened for another boom and said, "Blowin' up wagon trains. Yanks must be close by."

BIG ED had been sleeping on his back, but he was up now, staring around him. The sun was just coming up, painting the shack and mare and colt and men with its slick yellow shine. There were more explosions.

"Well," said Cookie to Big Ed, "how's the pain?"

"Bad, but I'll make it. She's better when she stiffens up."

They were on their feet, getting under packs, slipping rifles over their shoulders.

Ten Acres patted the mare. "You'll be all right, honey. The Yanks will be here soon. Take care of Stonewall thar, and be a good girl."

Lefty had named the colt and he was sorry to leave. With his maimed hand he patted the twitching bouncy creature, and then, without looking back, the men went quickly out and disappeared into the underbrush. They never took long good-bys any more, and they wanted to go quickly from the night that had brought them so close to their old life; the animal stir, the interest and danger of living on the land, the barnyard, the thrumming wood sounds.

There was a *click click* of their heels on brook stones, the rattle of their arms as they clanked under boughs—then they were really gone.

For a long time the mare held her ears very erect to catch the sound of them. But they were gone, these men who, with her, understood the fecundity of the earth. She turned her head and began to push the colt away with her muzzle.

He kept butting his way back to the teat.

After a while she let him stay. . . .

THE END

SHOPPERS' HEAVEN

Continued from Page 21

one ever has to do to get a job with a bank is to show them you can save their money. They paid me a hundred a week to run their two-million-dollar investment. That was in 1936, when I became president of the Suburban Company. The company was reorganized, and two years later the banks thought Suburban was again a good enough risk to loan us four hundred thousand more to go ahead with the project."

Although the Suburban Company is now out of the red, no dividends have been declared, as debts incurred prior to the reorganization are being paid off. It is now owned by 100 stock- and bondholders. Its day-by-day decisions are made by Mr. Dreher. He does, however, call on F. M. Hart, a banker, and J. Foulkrod, an attorney, to assist him with many of the company's problems.

Dreher is not a Democrat, but he believes that much of his success, and much of the success of the merchants on the Square, and of retailers and manufacturers throughout the country, is due to the New Dealers.

"The Roosevelt administration," he says, "gave the college economist a chance to put his theories into practice in the retail business. Many of the theories have proven of great value and are here to stay. Regardless of the fact that the National Recovery Act was thrown out by the Supreme Court, Hugh Johnson, its director, scared hell out of retailers and manufacturers and made them get together in associations and establish prices. For the first time they got to know something about their competitors' business. Today, the Office of Price Administration, for all its paper work and red tape, is forcing the average merchant to know more about his own business than ever before. It's a healthy thing. The small independent storekeeper is doing more business, with less inventory, and making more money than ever before. Statistics show that retailers today are making better than ten per cent more profit than they did in 1939."

YOU don't pay a fixed rent on Fred Dreher's village street. Merchants rent stores on a percentage basis, depending on the commodity sold. Grocery stores are charged 1½ per cent of what they take in; specialty shops, 5 to 10 per cent; a theater, 15 per cent; and a beauty shop, 20 per cent. (These leases in most cases also have a minimum guaranteed rental.) Last year the merchants paid from $4,000 to more than $100,000 in rents. The Red Cross assessment for its space is one dollar a year. But if you should ask a small merchant of the Square how he can afford to pay a yearly rent of $4,000 for a shop thirteen by thirty-nine feet, he'd answer, "I'm making money here. I can afford to pay it." And he can. That's why there is always a waiting list of prospective tenants.

Some stores ask for the exclusive right to sell a particular product or service. This is guaranteed in the lease. Others are regulated by price brackets or merchandise diversification. As Dreher explains, you can't have the draper selling flour and keep the miller in business.

It was to encourage people to visit the Square at night that the movie theater was built. People like to window-shop in the evening, once you have persuaded them against a quiet evening at home. The Square has well-lighted streets and policed parking areas, and merchants are urged to price their window displays. And many purchases made the next day result because the customer "saw it in the window as I was going to the movies."

THE great expansion of Suburban Square's trading area tells its own story. Early in its history it began to exceed the bounds of Ardmore, which has a population of about 15,000. Today it draws its customers from an area extending approximately thirty miles north, south, and west, and containing more than 250,000 residents.

The village merchants could tell their big-city brothers a thing or two. Take, for example, deliveries. In large city stores, deliveries comprise 80 per cent, take-withs 20 per cent of total sales. At the Square, the opposite is true. Exchanges are fewer, because the shopper on the village street has more time to make the right selection. There is no rush hour on Suburban Square. (The slowest period is between twelve thirty and one thirty in the afternoon, when most employees are out to lunch.) Yet sales volume is almost twice that of each employee in the city store. The average purchase is also found to be larger, partly because manufacturers of nationally advertised products now sell them to any merchant, large or small, regardless of his locality; so that quality, too, may be found in the village. Add the low cost of advertising, buying, and selling—always less in a country store than in a city store—and shoppers' heaven begins to look like a merchants' heaven too.

But there is a difference between the village street, 1622, and the village street, 1946. The difference is Fred Dreher. He believes that he is a partner to each merchant in the Square, and that anything that helps the merchant helps the company. Merchants should be free to sell, he says. Let him tend the fire. So a central plant furnishes heat and hot water to all stores, walks are cleaned in winter, awnings raised or lowered at the correct time in summer. There's a porter service for receiving and unloading freight deliveries. These services are of particular benefit to the small businesses con-

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ducted by families of two or three people.

To keep business at winter level during the hot summer months, air-conditioning equipment has been installed in many stores. The only cost to the merchant is the electricity the system uses. The Suburban Company benefits because, as the merchant's sales continue high, his rent, which is based on his gross intake, remains unchanged. The merchant benefits because his money can be used to stock merchandise instead of equipment.

The company's membership in local, state, and national retail associations has provided it with valuable information that is passed on to its merchants. This has been particularly helpful to the one-man stores, which could not possibly take the time to attend meetings and thereby keep abreast of changing conditions and new developments.

DREHER'S tenant friends have affectionately dubbed him the "fact man" because he carries the answers to most of their business questions in his head. Many merchants frankly admit that Fred Dreher knows more about their business than they do.

The "fact man" of the Square works hard to keep his information up to date. He spends several hours a day reading trade newspapers and magazines that deal with the thirty-six types of stores in the shopping center. Whether it be an idea for a new type of window display or an article about the shortage of merchandise, each merchant is made to feel that Dreher has a personal interest in his welfare.

Once he suggested to a storekeeper that he sell completely cooked meals to take home. Now a busy housewife may run into that store and buy a pint of iced tea, salads, casserole dishes, or four chicken legs. But Fred Dreher's influence just doesn't stop with the merchants of the Square. A few months ago a dentist recently discharged from the Army wanted to open an office in the Times Medical Building. There were already fourteen dentists in the building and Dreher knew how hard it would be for this released dental captain to start a new practice in a strange town, so he decided to talk with the established dentists. Each man agreed to help the veteran by sending a few of his new patients to him.

Several times a year the company invites its merchants to a dinner meeting. From these gatherings have come ideas that have benefited the customers, the merchants, and the company. One storekeeper suggested that an enclosed bus station would be a convenience for shoppers, and it was built. When help became hard to obtain, the Suburban Company's office became a clearinghouse for prospective employees for its merchants. The small merchant who advertises in the daily newspaper is given reduced rates because the company contracts for a full page to be used by its many storekeepers.

Sixteen additional stores are planned for the Square, and so far, forty-two prospective tenants have applied for space, though the addition is no further than the blueprint stage.

DREHER believes that many projects similar to Suburban Square will spring up now that the war is over.

However, he believes that promoters of future shopping centers would do well to follow these two "musts" in the Suburban Company plan: find out what not to do, not what to do; not how much you can make, but how much you can afford to lose until success is assured.

Dreher's postwar plans are centered around his family and model shopping areas. He hopes that when his sons Bob, Wilken, and George are out of the armed forces he can help each of them to plan and build a shopping center of his own.

"Then when I retire and Fred junior takes over Suburban Square," Fred senior says, "my four boys can get together and discuss their mutual problems. If they should ever ask their old man's advice on how to run a successful shopping center, I'd tell them never to forget that the consumer is king and the retailer's only duty is to serve him."

THE END

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A FORMER serviceman from Kansas City, Missouri, writes to say that in his opinion the loan part of the G.I. Bill of Rights is so much "hot air." He complains that the references required to promote a business loan are far too complicated and difficult to obtain.

Francis X. Pasevich, Chief of the Loan Guarantee Division of the Veterans Administration, does not agree.

"Most of our clients," he told me, "with a bit of ingenuity, can and do put over a pretty good deal, which often helps place them on the high-profit basis. Just show me a time when lenders pass up a $2,000 government loan guaranty. Usually you will find them fighting for it. And they do."

Swindler

Just in case you have forgotten, here's what that loan provision says: Uncle Sam is ready to place his guaranty up to $2,000 on loans to qualified veterans, with the stipulation that the guaranty is not to exceed 50 per cent of the loan or loans sought. This means that the government will cover no more than half of any loan less than $2,000. And it will also pay the interest, for the first year only, on the part it guarantees. The interest charged on these loans can't be higher than 4 per cent a year and the loan must be repaid in a maximum of twenty years.

You can get a G.I. loan only to purchase, build, repair, alter, or improve your home; or to buy a farm or farm equipment; or to purchase a business, business property, or equipment to be used by you to earn a living.

Any veteran not dishonorably discharged and with at least ninety days' active service, or less if released because of service-incurred injury or disability, is eligible for the loan. You must apply within two years after separation or two years after the war is declared legally over, whichever happens later—but in no event more than five years after the official end of the war. And in case you harbor any illusions as to the necessity of paying the loan back, here's something you probably didn't know: any outstanding loan liability under this Act must be paid off before you get any part of a possible World War II bonus.

Action is being taken to patch up some of the weak spots of the existing law. A bill now under consideration (HR 3749) calls for extending the time limit of a loan guaranty to ten years and broadening the Act so that loans can be made for the more common farming and business purposes not now covered. Most important, it eliminates the confusion of filling out countless forms.

The Bulletin Board suggests, however, that wherever possible, you hold off your requests for loans until you are sure you will get adequate real value for your money. Before you sign your money away, check and double-check your need of an immediate loan, the reputation of the go-betweens and principals, and the worth of what you are buying. Remember! The G.I. loan provisions are there to protect you from swindlers who are just waiting to take you in.

• • •

Mrs. Martha Burke, New York, N. Y. No, the loan made to your husband through the Veterans Administration will not be "called in" because of his death, so long as you continue to make the agreed payments to the lender. Widows and children of veterans may not institute loan proceedings under the G.I. Bill of Rights, but the demise of a veteran does not affect his dependents' right to the full term for repayment, as was originally agreed upon.

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is your department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

PITY HANDICAPS THE HANDICAPPED

Continued from Page 22

months. I have used wheelchairs, crutches, canes. I have gone to school and to work with my limbs in plaster casts. I have had some nasty falls. Yet, in spite of this, my greatest handicap was the attitude of some people—their lack of belief that I could do the things I since have proved I can do; their misdirected sympathy; their failure to regard me as a person.

I did not start school until I was eight. My mother taught me at home for two years, fearing to send me to the neighborhood school where the other children might "forget" and, in the rush, cause me to fall and get additional hurts. I finally won, after two years of begging, and went to public school—in a kiddie car pulled by my younger sister and neighborhood friends. I was happy to be doing most of the things other children were doing. There were many falls, but my mother learned that abrasions and fractures will heal; a broken spirit may not.

The only hurts I remember from my school days are those inflicted by a few boys who teased me. After they got used to me, being a cripple didn't seem to make too much difference. Children are often more understanding than grown-ups.

"Did you ring, sir?"

LIBERTY

I worked hard to excel, learned the satisfaction of being on the Honor Roll each month. On the playground I had fun, too. I could not jump rope, but I could turn the rope for others. At "cat ball" I couldn't make the runs, but the others often let me pitch. *Belonging. That was the big thing.*

It is just as big to thousands of infantile paralysis victims today.

In elementary school my ambition to teach was born. I knew I must make the most of any opportunity for further physical improvement if I was to realize this dream. So before I started high school I underwent four operations. In the hospital I learned I was not the only cripple *in the world. I was learning to accept* the inevitable. Perhaps it was easier for me than it will be for our veterans. *They* can remember what it was like to be whole. I never knew.

When I left the hospital, I was able to walk the three blocks to high school with the aid of one crutch. I had a perfect attendance record for three years. Then, the month before graduation, I fell on a wet tile floor. I spent two weeks in bed with my left foot bandaged and elevated. But I was graduated—with honor—though I played my part in the commencement program sitting in a chair.

I wanted to go on. My father had said I might go to college. But a little thing blew up my immediate plans. My father was a farmer. That spring the boll weevil ate up the cotton. The bank failed. There was no money for college!

BY that time the desire to teach had become almost an obsession. I had twenty-five dollars in graduation gifts and borrowed thirty-five more from a banker friend. I took a six-week summer course at Georgia State College for Women, leading to a teacher's license, and got a job in a one-room country school near my home in Eatonton, Georgia. Although I was only nineteen, I was the principal, teacher of seven grades, first-aider, and janitor. No job for a cripple? Next year I obtained a *better* one, teaching only three grades in another school. I was on my way!

But to qualify as a real teacher, I knew I had to go on to college, and that I also needed to undergo more surgery. There was no National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis to which I could turn for financial assistance, as there is today in every county of the United States. But my doctor and another generous friend made the necessary provisions. I had three visits to the operating room that summer.

Learning to walk again was maddening. That fall I went back to college, moving about the campus on *two* crutches. Yet I thoroughly enjoyed my studies. I was walking much straighter, too, when, like lightning, everything was upset again. My crutch slipped on a freshly oiled floor, throwing me into an awkward fall. Two bones in my left leg were broken. Back to the hospital! I was back in school five weeks after the accident, the leg still in a cast. The following year I got my degree. In the ten Who's Who of the senior class I was voted "The Happiest."

I recount all this to show how easy it was for me to overcome pain, dis-

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"How you coming on your side, Joe?"

LIBERTY

couragement, and delayed opportunities—as compared with the discouragements which came later. *Getting the kind of job I wanted, and for which I was trained, was the most difficult part of all.*

Armed with flattering letters of recommendation, I tried to get a city teaching job. I was promised first consideration if any new teachers were hired. I tried the teachers' agencies, sent out six or eight written applications. My answer to "Any physical handicap?" was "yes." The fall term started. I had no job.

At Thanksgiving, a friend who was teaching near my home was getting a leave of absence and introduced me to her superintendent. He assured me so far as he was concerned I could have the job. But the school board refused to consider anyone who was a cripple.

I tried to get a conference with another school superintendent. His secretary put me off. Finally she told me they didn't hire anyone in the city system who had any physical handicap.

It was the same everwhere, until I finally found a superintendent who was more interested in my education, my teaching methods, and my record than in my physical handicaps. I worked for him four years. I left only because of a consolidation of schools. Then I spent two years working in a clinic, proofreading for an engraving company, teaching in night school, even taking in sewing —before I found another post as teacher-librarian.

I went on to a teacher-librarian's job in another town, finally to my present post as librarian of one of the four libraries at Camp Blanding, Florida, where for the past five years I have been too busy to brood about my past struggles. We have a library which contains 7,000 volumes; I have five people working with me. I was so absorbed in the work that when I fractured my good right hand, three years ago, I did not even take time out for permitted sick leave. With a familiar plaster cast on my hand, I went ahead planning the work and giving instructions to my assistants.

And now that I see how many more there are like me, I again ask: Why does a cripple have to go through this grueling routine before he can demonstrate his worth as a worker? Unless people change their attitudes toward us, the crippled veterans' fight to make proper adjustments in a strange civilian world may require more courage than was needed at Salerno or Guadalcanal. The pfc. who was indeed Private First Class in the Aleutians may become Poor 'Fraid Civilian in the world of tomorrow.

AS for getting a job, the intelligent cripple does not *want* an offer of one because he is a cripple. He wants it because he is qualified to *fill* the position. Why is it necessary for a good bookkeeper to be able to tap dance or jump hurdles? Why should not any cripple be considered for any job where the faculties involved are not necessarily essential to the efficient performance of duty?

Cripples are even barred, sometimes, from schools of higher education especially if the enrollment already is large. This may be overcome by the G. I. Bill of Rights. However, when I had planned to complete my degree in library science, the college in which I sought enrollment told me I had not met the necessary requirements for admission. Inquiry brought this reply by letter:

"I am sorry to have to point out that your lameness is a handicap which will make it difficult for you

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to secure a position where you are not known. It is necessary to tell people beforehand, and where there is another candidate with equally good qualifications practically all employers would take the candidate without physical handicaps. I am sorry to write this type of letter, but I feel sure you will understand my only desire is to help you and to give you the best possible advice . . ." etc.

THAT is not the way to help! If doors are so slammed in the faces of veterans, we will have done them an intolerable injustice. Are cripples supposed to have no ambition? The dear old lady who wrote me in 1937 probably thought she was doing the right thing. She doesn't know I have since received my master's degree, with special training in library science from another university. She doesn't know that for five years I have held an administrative library job with a salary equivalent to that of a college librarian, and a civil service rating of "Excellent"! If I had listened to her, I would not have tried to better myself.

In the case of two applicants for a job with equal qualifications, why should the one without the so-called physical handicap always be given first consideration? The fact that the cripple has met the same educational qualifications in spite of handicaps might even indicate that he will stick to an assigned task when the job isn't easy. The cripple soon learns he must do superior work to rate with the average.

Why do some people think of us as sickly weaklings capable only of light, irregular duties? Some of us have excellent health and can be depended on to carry heavy responsibilities. Don't people realize that not all physical handicaps are visible? That the man or woman who suffers from heart disease, nervous indigestion, or gall-bladder trouble may be more likely to perform his job unsatisfactorily, even though his ailment doesn't show?

Aside from economic freedom, which is paramount, there are other rights of cripples which involve the co-operation of others. Don't offer them allowances, special privilege, favors. However well you mean it, you aggravate the sore. When I go to a ticket window or eat in a cafeteria, I expect to wait my turn.

Don't rule the cripples you know out of civic and social life. Don't exclude them from gatherings, even when they cannot dance at dances or play tennis at the country club. They like to watch. Sometimes they enjoy helping to run parties. It makes them *part* of what is going on.

Above all, when the infirm are among you, don't call attention to their infirmities—not even with affectionate attention. I know a wounded soldier who came home and was scheduled as guest of honor at a big barbecue. All the kinfolk were there. Everybody wanted to see Harry and hear about how he got the Purple Heart. But Harry never showed up. He slipped off to the beach for two days of quiet. He simply couldn't face being exhibited as a "wounded hero."

HOWEVER, the handicapped ex-soldier is, in a sense, luckier than his fellow man whose disability comes from other causes. When he takes off his uniform, he wears a button trailing clouds of glory. The victim of infantile paralysis, industrial accident, or a hit-and-run driver has no such compensation. Yet his crippling is as much of a handicap, his obstacles as great as the ex-soldier's or sailor's.

There are few people who do not have the utmost sympathy for cripples, from whatever cause. I think they *want* to help. I have faith that they *will* make the road back easier for all those who are lame or halt or blind, once they understand. They may find it difficult to adopt a natural manner with those who are handicapped. But if they remember that in our greatest war in history the American nation was led by a cripple, that Franklin D. Roosevelt demonstrated the heights to which cripples can ascend, they will some day open the doors to a world in which the handicapped and the whole can live together—as people.

THE END

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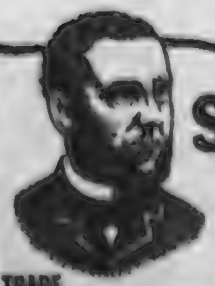

SMITH BROTHERS

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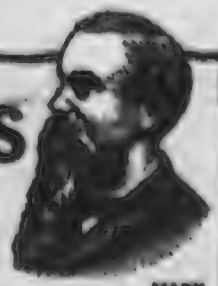
Like many good things, they're sometimes scarce. But they're worth asking for—so keep trying!



TRADE MARK

"Gerald, you'll just have to tie up that watch dog during the crime programs!"
LIBERTY

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HELEN PARKER

Fred Harvey realized the importance of eye appeal in the serving of food.

THE HARVEY GIRLS

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) Judy Garland, Angela Lansbury, John Hodiak, Ray Bolger, Marjorie Main

MOVE over, Broadway, and make room for a great, wide, wonderful musical comedy from Hollywood! Retreat, Bloomer Girls—the Harvey Girls are coming! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in the persons of Judy Garland & Co., has given us a heart-warming show that never lets down, from the spirited opening number, The Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe, to its melodic wedding-bell ending.

About that Judy, it's a certainty that if she gets any more talented, she'll probably explode. She's a seasoned trouper by now—and with her brown velvet eyes and brown velvet voice she brings infinite charm to the role of the brave little Harvey House waitress.

It's 1890, the West is raw, and the town of Sandrock is controlled by a saloonkeeper (John Hodiak) and an eminently corrupt judge (Preston Foster). The advent of the Harvey Girls and the installation of their restaurant (motto: "The train must be fed!") work wonders in some subtle and some not-so-subtle ways to create civilization and law and order in this blistered eyesore of a town. The extent of their damage is symbolized by the fact that Hodiak is wooed and won by the winsomest of the waitresses, Judy.

So there's a good solid story, always a refreshing thing to find in a musical comedy. And the music, which is superbly orchestrated and sung, comes from the cleverest Hollywood note-juggler—Johnny Mercer. It's a Great Big World is a particularly lovely tune, done with delightful tintype gestures by Judy, Virginia O'Brien, and Cyd Charisse. Nice, too, is the waltz at the Harvey House party,—augmented by the incomparable dancing of Ray Bolger.

For really good measure, there are a couple of excellent fight scenes. The spectacle of ladies tussling with each other is always a sure-fire situation, and the brawl between the saloon entertainers (Angela Lansbury is stunning as their leading lady) and the Harvey Girls is executed with high spirit.

If Meet Me in St. Louis and The Harvey Girls represent a trend, it augurs well for our future films.

Judy face to face with her chief rival, Angela Lansbury.

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Liberty Goes to the Movies (Continued)

Russell is being railroaded into a marriage ceremony; hence the frightened look.

SHE WOULDN'T SAY YES

(Columbia)
Rosalind Russell, Lee Bowman

THE big handsome Rosalind Russell and the big handsome Lee Bowman disport themselves through the plot of She Wouldn't Say Yes—which is based on the supposition that a she-psychiatrist and a he-cartoonist can live happily ever after. If this comes within the stretch of your imagination, you're very apt to enjoy the rest of the farce.

The man with the comic strip chases the lady who preaches self-discipline (at twenty-five dollars ar hour). Caught up in the pursuit are such widely assorted characters as Adele Jergens, a Latin-American singer who thinks she is literally fatal to men; and Charles Winninger, general practitioner and father to Dame Russell.

The singer, a patient of Miss Russell's, is very impatient to get the cartoonist in her clutches. He, however, would rather be mated with the lady doctor, thereby ensuring his mental health for keeps. He hoodwinks her into a fake marriage ceremony by a judge (Percy Kilbride) who *she* thinks is a new customer that they're humoring.

And, seeing that she gets through the artificial vows without a trauma, it is generally considered to be a bona-fide proposition.

So far, no mention has been made of the featured star of the film, a cartoon creation of Bowman's going by the noxious name of "Nixie." This pretentious little creature has a great deal of success, via the comic strip, in chiding people out of their inhibitions. He makes Russell livid—he takes her best business away!

No epic, this, speaking Lucely, but it's well-paced slapstick romped through by a good set of comedians.

How to sweep a lady off her feet—results not guaranteed.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE (M-G-M). Robert Montgomery, John Wayne, Donna Reed. John Ford directs the story of the PT-boat heroes.

WHAT NEXT, CORPORAL HARGROVE? (M-G-M). Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, Joan Porter. Marion Hargrove carries on to the worst of his ability.

KITTY (Paramount). Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, Reginald Owen. High life in historical London, full of well-acted costume capers.

WALK IN THE SUN (Lewis Milestone). Richard Conte, Dana Andrews, George Tyne. Harry Brown's book makes a really fine war film.

SPELLBOUND (Selznick). Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov. The supreme suspense—by Hitchcock—of the unraveling of an amnesiac mind.

THE MAN BEHIND THE NOSE

Continued from Page 17

fifty years. A few years ago that music box was stolen from Durante's house in Los Angeles. Months later he received a letter from an inmate at Folsom Prison, telling him the thief hadn't known he was robbing Durante's house, that he'd always been a Durante fan, and where to recover his music box.

When a youngster, Jimmy, encouraged by Mama Catherine, tolerated by Papa Bartolomeo, and razzed by two older brothers and a sister, aspired to be the world's greatest pianist. When the truant officer caught up with him he went to school. Betweentimes he worked at odd jobs, one of which was custodian of the shaving mugs at his father's barbershop.

JIMMY'S first public appearance was playing the piano for political rallies at Assemblyman Al Smith's house, around the corner from the Durantes'.

In the great heart of his family, Jimmy became acquainted with Umbriago, a sort of leprechaun of Italian legend. He's been devoted to him ever since. Umbriago is Jimmy's *alter ego*. Umbriago went to Yalta. "Somebody hadta empty d' ash trays"; he goes to the Treasury's aid to straighten out the tax situation. He has come alive in the minds of Jimmy's public by song and reference, a gay whimsical prankster always in the thick of things. Umbriago as conceived in Jimmy's mind is soon to be manufactured as a doll that will be to Durante what Charlie McCarthy is to Bergen.

At seventeen, Jimmy had a job playing the piano in Diamond Tony's saloon at Coney Island. His apprenticeship as an entertainer was served in such spots as the Chatham Club in Chinatown and the Club Alamo in Harlem. The Alamo brought Jimmy and Eddie Jackson together. At the Alamo also Jeanne Olsen from Toledo, sent by her agent to try out at the Ritz, close by, wandered in by mistake. She became Mrs. Jimmy Durante.

It is ironical that at the height of Jimmy's success there are no immediate members of his family to share it with him. Jeanne Olsen Durante, his wife for twenty-two years, and the lure that kept him returning to Hollywood, is gone. His closest living relatives are two nephews, both in the service. For all his cracks about "beautiful dames" on his air show, Jimmy still mourns his wife. He visits her grave every Sunday when he is in Hollywood.

His home, in a respectable but unpretentious neighborhood beyond the boundaries of Hollywood, is worth mention only because it defies precedent set by others whose earnings have totaled well over a million dollars. It has no swimming pool, no tennis court. Jimmy has no yearning for synthetic splendor.

He still owns a house in Flushing, Long Island, the first he ever owned; but he rents that. When he is in New York he occupies his old suite—472—at the Astor where, legend has it, the door is never locked.

Jimmy's official family, co-workers of long standing known as "the boys" are still on Durante's payroll. Lou Clayton is Jimmy's manager and a good one, according to Jimmy. "Anyone can take me," he admits. "They say, 'Jimmy, you're a swell guy,' and I'm workin' for nuttin'."

Eddie Jackson works with Jimmy on personal appearances. Jack Roth, his drummer for twenty-five years, is his man Friday. A newer member of the clan, Lou Cohen, former theater manager and Hollywood producer, is something of a major-domo of personal affairs.

Theirs is an unusual set-up of interdependence. Each has assumed duties, from seeing to it that a clean shirt is taken along when Jimmy does a show, to keeping tabs on his personal exchequer. The clean shirt is precaution against pneumonia, for Jimmy works himself into a lather. Their main function is to be on hand when he wants them. Jimmy's bugbear is loneliness, and the boys never leave him alone. After twenty-five years of close association, they still think Durante is the greatest guy on earth.

To night-club habitués of the roaring '20s who packed the Club Durant, Parody, and other spots, the trio of Clayton, Jackson, and Durante has had few equals in madcap antics.

Clayton came onto the scene in 1923, after Jimmy, with Jackson, had opened his own spot, the Club Durant, at the persuasion of Frank Nolan and Nolan's $500. Nolan, a nightingale waiter, became the Club Durant's manager and silent partner. Clayton complied with Host Durante's request to do a soft-shoe number one night. He had the patrons in stitches as he danced and adlibbed back to all Jimmy's kidding. Jackson and Durante went into a huddle and the duo became a trio.

AT the Club Durant, Jimmy first asserted himself as boss. He was still "playing piano" for the orchestra while the other two walked around mingling with the customers. Jimmy thought they were having far more fun than he, glued to a piano bench.

"We're makin' money, ain't we?" he challenged. "I'm the boss, ain't I? We'll hire a piano player. I'm gonna walk around tew."

Many of their best routines were made up as they went along. One night they commandeered a stack of plates from a busboy. As they danced and sang they tossed plates at one another, sometimes catching them, but as often letting them roll off the floor. Ring-siders, running the social scale from "Legs" Diamond to Otto Kahn, rolled the plates back.

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Next night Otto Kahn, back with another party, called for a repeat of the plate number. Jimmy hadn't considered it a number, but the plate number it became from then on.

Their best-remembered routine, the wood number, was not spontaneous, but evolved after Jimmy read an advertisement on lumber's part in building America. When Jackson called him a blockhead, Jimmy rhapsodized on wood, while Clayton and Jackson scurried for specimens to prove his point. Beginning with a match or a toothpick, they dumped wooden articles onto the dance floor in a jumbled heap, climaxing the clutter with an outhouse lugged on from offstage.

THOUGH Jimmy drinks little, the Club Durant's wine closet and Jimmy's gregarious nature was the club's undoing. Two men unknown to the doorman appeared at the peek-a-boo door. Refused admittance, they demanded to see Durante. Jimmy says, "I take 'em up and buy 'em a drink, and they buy me a drink—then they raid the jernt. Next day we're closed. Padlocked. Volstead!"

The trio split up in 1931 after appearing in the revue, The New Yorkers. Jimmy hit the trail for Hollywood; but the movies never won his allegiance completely. Between pictures he sandwiched in Broadway shows—Strike Me Pink, 1934; Jumbo, 1936; Red, Hot and Blue, 1937; and Keep Off the Grass, 1940; with personal appearances in between. Without Clayton and Jackson he used the orchestra as stooges.

Durante's music-scattering, piano-busting antics date from the early 1920s. The act is one of utter confusion. Jimmy begins to play, gets up, pushes the piano a few feet, drags the bench after him, begins again and repeats the business working himself into a frenzy of frustration, "surrounded by assassins," until one leg of the instrument teeters over the platform and Jimmy, in desperation, tosses the music about wildly and stalks off the stage.

A zenith to this zany hilarity came at a party at Ciro's in Hollywood with a star-studded roster of impromptu entertainment. As the piano leg precariously neared the edge, six husky waiters appeared out of nowhere, countering Jimmy's every push with a retaliatory shove in the opposite direction. A few heaves and the movie colony caught on. Bob Hope, M.C.-ing the event, went to Durante's rescue. Danny Kaye added his weight. More waiters came. More Hollywood joined the comedians. The ensuing laugh riot made both sides impotent. The act ended in a draw. The piano was saved.

On a personal appearance Jimmy never uses a script. He depends upon his *feel* of the audience, that sixth sense which he possesses to such a high degree. Many of his most amusing shenanigans are hatched clowning for his friends. At a dinner given by the Lauritz Melchiors, the guests were convulsed by the 270-pound six-foot Melchior romping through Didja Ever Have the Feelin'? in his Wagnerian tenor, while 155-pound five-foot-seven Durante burlesqued Pagliacci with gravel-mixer overtones. When their co-workers on the set of Two Sisters from Boston were treated to a repeat performance, Producer Pasternak snatched the bit for their next picture, Gentleman's Gentleman.

In the old days, his song entitled Jimmy, That Well-Dressed Man had a flavor of irony that misses fire today. Yet, for one who has been earning more than a quarter million dollars annually for the past few years, Jimmy is unostentatious in his dress. His clothes are well tailored but conservative. His tie is always a black cravat which has a significance he won't explain. His only jewelry is a crucifix ring, the Figure now worn smooth, which his mother brought "from the old country" and gave to him when he was beginning as an entertainer.

He is notorious for his generosity and lush tipping. Actually, he'd give away his shirt if he were not restrained by the boys. "I like to spend my money my own way," is his comment. But for all his largesse, he doesn't like to be taken for a sucker. There was the time, for example, while he was playing Chicago's Chez Paree, a friend talked him into going to a football game where he met a governor and sixteen of his party. Jimmy invited the governor to stop by that evening and catch his show. Durante reserved a table. "It was Saturday night, but what of it? I get thirty per cent off. The governor and the whole sixteen of 'em come and some brought their wives. All I can hear is bottles poppin'. I stop the act and tell the waiter to stop goin' over to that table. It cost me one hundred forty dollars to say hello to the governor. They didn't even leave a tip for the waiter."

DURANTE never counts pennies, but tickets to his radio show are sacrosanct. "There was twenty tickets here this morning. Now it's eighteen," he scolds the boys. "Who took them two tickets? Can't I even have a few tickets of my own without you buzzards swipin' 'em?" he storms. It's as close as he ever comes to a rage.

Jimmy made several abortive efforts in radio before Jumbo was aired in 1936, but he fell short of radio's top comedians. On the Jumbo show, once more singing his crazy songs and forever in a self-made jam, the old Durante broke through. A show for Chase and Sanborn followed, went strong for awhile, then petered out. It is typical of Jimmy that he never alibis but blames his failures only upon himself. "You gotta keep on the job," he says.

Jimmy is very much on the job both in the movies and on the air. He has just finished work on Two

Sisters from Boston, with Kathryn Grayson, June Allyson and Peter Lawford, a Technicolor musical. In it, Durante, as proprietor of a Bowery "jernt," touches nostalgically upon the Club Alamo of twenty-five years ago with Eddie Jackson once more a singing waiter and Jack Roth on the drums.

While Gentleman's Gentleman, tentatively titled and co-starring Lauritz Melchior, is in preparation awaiting the singer's completion of his opera commitments, Jimmy may find a "breathing spell." That means he'll write some new Durante songs for the picture, entertain servicemen in camps and hospitals, and carry on his weekly radio show. If time hangs heavy, there will be conferences on Pasternak's plan for a picture of Durante's life—too full, it would seem, for any one feature-length movie. Anyway, all this is what Jimmy has in mind when he says "You gotta keep on the job." If he relaxes at all, it is usually after a radio show. The cast meets at the Brown Derby in Hollywood, or at Toots Shor's if the broadcast is beamed from New York. Friends and acquaintances always gather at Jimmy's table. He can't remember names, so the boys tip him off. He may talk with someone for ten or fifteen minutes on apparently knowledgable terms, and will ask Jackson afterward, "Who was that?"

Ever since troupes have been going overseas to entertain servicemen, Jimmy has been hoping to catch the next boat. But his doctor has always said, "No." As Damon Runyon says, "One of the saddest spectacles is Durante on a diet." But Durante on a diet is a going concern. His ailment is a finicky gall bladder. His favorite restaurateurs—he dines out every night—coax his lagging appetite with bland, easily digested concoctions with fancy names. At home his favorite food is corn flakes, which he eats at all hours.

Insomnia has for years been his *bête noire*. He tosses while the others sleep. "Why not?" he tells them. "You guys ain't got nothin' on your mind. A guy like me—"

DURANTE never has hired a press agent, yet there is no more widely known personality in show business. Future lexicographers will be hard put to explain "durante" as a synonym for nose. After his tour of the British Isles, Jimmy visited the Continent, including southern France and Italy, where relatives of both his parents still live. Before leaving London he entertained at the Savoy for his co-workers and the press. Later, touring Europe, the word durante jumped out at him. Jimmy was impressed. *The press boys must really have enjoyed his party to spread his name all over Europe. He'd have to give more parties.*

Arriving at the Rome railroad station, a huge sign "Durante," etc., etc. confronted him. What a welcome, thought Jimmy. But where was the reception committee? A passer-by enlightened him. "In Italian, *monsignor, durante* means during. The sign says: 'During alterations, business will go on as usual.'"

Before leaving England, Jimmy had neglected to arrange his visa for re-entrance into the country. Upon his return he was detained. "But," he begged, "anybody can see I'm Durante." The immigration officer was adamant. "We must have positive confirmation that you are Jimmy Durante."

He said this while staring (How could he miss it?) with lofty disdain at the most striking personal trademark in the world. But then, as Jimmy might put it, "What's his opinion against millions of others?"

THE END

WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST IN LATIN AMERICA

Continued from Page 19

proved of the wartime tactics of the pro-Fascist Argentine government, the curt tone of an official note from Washington to Argentina had so deeply offended the majority of Chileans that they had gone into one of the aforesaid spasms. Ultra-conservatives in Chile, bitterly opposed to the strong Communistic element in their country, have been looking askance at the United States because they feel that this country, as a member of the Big Three, is getting too chummy with Soviet Russia. Result: another spasm of anti-Americanism.

So in each of the ABC nations there are general and specific (or local) reasons for the prevalent attitude toward the United States. These are typical of the prevalent attitudes in the rest of the Latin-American republics. For instance, the basic friendliness toward us in Brazil resembles in general, though it differs in local expression, the basic pro-Americanism of Cuba and Panama.

Of all the countries of Latin America, Cuba seems to have the most North American point of view. The Cubans seem to understand us, despite a strong feeling of affinity for Europe. And they are grateful because we made it possible for them to become independent of Spain. But Cuban good will must continue to be fostered. There is nothing permanent about it, and if we do not cultivate it, there is a danger that in some future crisis the Cubans may turn from us.

In dealing with Panama, a republic naturally friendly to the United States, we must also watch our step. It is wrong to assume that we will have Panama always in our pocket.

The uneasy oscillation of Chile between friendliness and unfriendliness toward Uncle Sam is akin to the same sort of oscillation in a baker's dozen of our southern neighbors. For

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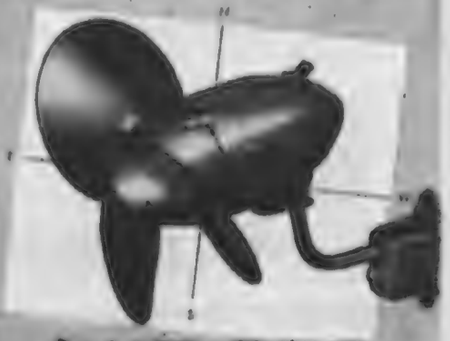
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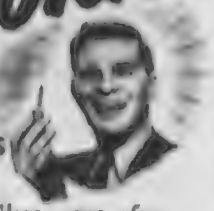

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example: Venezuela, with whom we were at odds in the days of Teddy Roosevelt, has since become more friendly. Colombia, scarcely on speaking terms with us for years after the first Roosevelt had engineered the deal which removed Panama from Colombian sovereignty and made the Panama Canal possible, is now in a phase of flattering pro-Americanism. Nicaragua, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic, who not so long go were subjected to varying forms of direct U. S. interference with their internal affairs, have been forgetting their old grievances, a consummation largely due to lessons learned from World War II.

THE basic unfriendliness toward the United States which is so apparent in Argentina is essentially similar, despite wide variation in details, to Mexico's basic dislike of this country. Northerners in the United States have often said that some people in our South are still fighting the Civil War. It also may be said that many Mexicans are still fighting the war between Mexico and the United States. For nearly a century that conflict has marred relations between the two countries, and other happenings of more recent date that involved such names as Vera Cruz and Tampico and John J. Pershing have helped to keep alive bitterness in Mexico toward "los gringos" who in the 1840s defeated Mexico's armies and captured her capital and annexed great tracts of her territory.

What can we do to solidify the friendliness of friendly Latin-American nations and check spasms of unfriendliness in nations which still don't like us unreservedly, and to batter down animosity in nations which simply won't be friends with us? That question demands a threefold answer:

In *friendly* nations like Brazil and Cuba we must watch closely for signs of disapproval of our actions, and if this disapproval seems justified, we must try to avoid such actions in subsequent dealings with those nations. Recently there have been signs in Brazil, faint, but still worthy of attention, that Brazilian good will toward Americans was getting a bit frayed; that some Brazilians, with pride in their country's record in the war against the Axis, felt that people in the United States were not quite appreciative enough of that record. Americans as a nation have done nothing to justify such criticism, but the fact that these Brazilians considered their aspersions justified should serve as a warning.

In nations like Chile, Venezuela, Colombia, and others which *back and fill* in their feelings toward us, we must try to make the swings toward unfriendliness less frequent, and if they occur in spite of our efforts, we must see to it that they move less and less toward downright anti-Americanism.

In nations *basically unfriendly* to us, like Argentina and Mexico, we must try to weaken anti-Americanism by intelligent and concerted attempts on the part of our diplomats and business men to understand those who profess that anti-Americanism. This task will be tough enough in Mexico; in Argentina, where, if anything, it is stronger and deeper, the task will be harder still.

In regard to Argentina, this writer can find no convincing evidence to support the rosy view widely held in the United States that only a few cliques, usually in control of the Argentine government, are hostile to this country, whereas the bulk of the Argentines are pro-American.

THE majority of the Argentine people may be against dictatorial methods of government and in favor of democratic governmental procedure, but being anti-Nazi and anti-Fascist and pro-democracy *does not necessarily make a person pro-American.* Most Americans are prone to let wishful thinking take the place of objective deduction and are inclined to see foreign countries in black and white. And, in international relationships, black and white are the only two colors which do not exist.

Extremists among the Argentines—and they are numerous—are contemptuous of this country. They scoff at claims that there is culture here; to them, we are a nation without finesse or subtlety; a nation of dollar addicts and slaves of business to whom spiritual values mean nothing—in short, a nation entirely different from theirs. Oddly enough, however, nobody else in all Latin America is *so much like the average American* as the average Argentinean. Even the most pro-American natives of other Latin-American lands are far more different from us than are the most anti-American Argentines.

Argentine unfriendliness toward Americans, though nearly always kept on the leash of Latin politeness, nevertheless bursts forth at times with startling frankness. For example, an Argentine told an American that his company, in need of elevators for its new Buenos Aires building, got them from England. And the Argentine named a make of elevator of world-wide repute.

"But that elevator is manufactured in the United States!" exclaimed the

American. "Why did you order it from England? You must have got it through the English agents of the American company!"

"We did," calmly replied the Argentine. "We knew if we made the purchase that way we'd get better treatment than if we dealt directly with Americans."

This is typical of the Argentinean attitude toward this country. It is almost certain to be encountered by American visitors to Buenos Aires, and is the sort of thing which causes exasperated resignation or spirited retaliation on the part of Americans. It is what prompted an Argentine cartoonist, when Washington's campaign against the Perón regime in Argentina was at its height last summer, to depict U. S. Ambassador Spruille Braden, spearhead of that campaign, as a cowboy wild enough to fit into the most sensational Western thriller. It is what inspired the title "Atomic Bomb Ambassador" over an article published in a Buenos Aires newspaper recently. Both the cartoonist and the writer were well aware that showing an American ambassador as an uncouth cowboy and coupling his name with anything as terrific as the atomic bomb would please thousands of Argentines accustomed for years to attribute uncouthness to supposedly educated Americans and violence to supposedly diplomatic American international tactics.

Still the reason most responsible for anti-Americanism in Argentina is the *similarity* between the two peoples. The Argentine has the American's alertness and business ability, and has a brusqueness of manner, based on aversion to unnecessary frills and formalities in getting to the heart of business matters. He is like the average American in push, in the speed of his movements, in his general awareness of time. He may be conscious of Paris, but he seldom lacks understanding of Chicago. This similarity has such substance and reality, despite unmistakable points of divergence from us, that it gives the average Argentine a sort of cousinship with Americans. *And cousins often do not get along with one another.*

CAN Argentina's anti-Americanism be eradicated? It is so deep rooted that it may never be wiped out, but relations between the two countries could be improved if a genuine effort at co-operation were made by both sides.

Fortunately there are men of tolerance and understanding in the Foreign Service of our government who know how to get along with Latin Americans, and in the ranks of American business there are executives with the same sort of know-how. Such men should get the cream of diplomatic and commercial assignments in Latin-American countries and most especially in Argentina. And American "diplomats" who have never learned the true meaning of diplomacy, and American business men who obstinately insist on using methods which Latin Americans never will tolerate, should be kept out of Latin America, particularly out of Argentina.

These convictions have been formed by the writer over a period of many years and were confirmed and strengthened by recently revisiting our southern neighbors. They are offered as a summing-up of our whole Latin-American problem—the ABC of the situation. The all-important task of solidifying hemispheric unity cannot be undertaken without a full awareness of what we are up against.

THE END

THE COMING BOOM IN DIVORCES

Continued from Page 15

vorce chickens are coming home to roost.

But there are many other marriages, perhaps a large majority, which had a sound basis and under normal conditions would have remained secure. These are the ones for which most can be done if we understand the unusual strains to which married couples were, or are, being subjected. Long before the war ended I discussed the subject with Army authorities, psychologists and sociologists who had made studies both among men overseas and on the home front. They could predict the coming marriage casualties with the same reasonable certainty that military experts could predict battle casualties. Some of the information obtained then was confidential. Now it can be revealed.

For example, there were many more cases than were generally suspected of men overseas whose wives had written to say it was "all over" or who were informed by relatives and friends of their wives' unfaithfulness. To quote Major Joseph Weinrab, an Army psychiatrist who was at the front, "In most of these cases careful inquiry showed that the marriage had been tottery to begin with, and a break would have occurred had the men remained at home. Where a marriage was potentially stable at the start, separation during the war did not seriously affect it. Where breaks occurred or are occurring as the men return, the war is the excuse rather than the cause."

The infidelities, rejections, or breaks weren't all on the feminine side, however. Disquieting reports filtered back of "fraternizing" by men with women overseas, of consorting with prostitutes, of "love nests" where men were stationed for any length of time. Reports show this happened much more among men in the European theater than in the

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South Pacific or remote outposts where "compatible" women were scarce. Professor Howard Becker, University of Wisconsin sociologist, discounting unfaithfulness of G.I.s overseas as a major problem, said, "The troublemakers are usually those who caused trouble back home."

The understanding wife will realize, however, that, regardless of what her husband's derelictions were while in the service, they rarely meant anything lasting to him.

In various ways, nonetheless, sex problems do loom larger than ever as causes of maladjustment. For example, there was a great increase in sexual license on the home front during the war, and further relaxation of our normal sex codes is predicted for the postwar years. But adultery, it should be stressed, is less the actual cause of divorce than is generally believed. While lawyers cite it as the formal reason for 90 per cent of the divorces, the fact is, as marriage psychologists point out, that adultery usually is an *effect* rather than a cause. That is, adultery follows as a rule after the bonds between husband and wife already have been loosened.

Alcoholism is in a similar category. In normal times it is blamed for about 4 per cent of the divorces. So the fact that there was much heavier drinking during the war might suggest more divorces from this source. But, as with adultery, alcoholism is more likely to be a *symptom* of marital or sexual maladjustment than a cause. Many men in service, or their wives back home, and many war workers whose usual life patterns were disrupted took to drink only because they were lonely and emotionally starved. Where reunited couples resume their normal relationships, the desire for drink, and its threat to their marriage, will be greatly reduced.

IMPOTENCY is another serious sex problem. According to Dr. Abraham Stone, editor of Human Fertility and an authority in the field of marriage relationships, the percentage of impotency cases resulting from this war is considerably higher than in World War I. "While exact figures are not yet available," Dr. Stone said, "it can be estimated that some thousands of our men were rendered impotent through injuries to the sex organs, spine, or nerve centers, often caused by exploding land mines or fragmentation bombs. There is little that can be done for physical disabilities of this kind. But a much higher percentage of the impotency cases among returning servicemen are psychological in nature, or due to nervous disorders, and sometimes to starvation and suffering in prison camps. Here, psychiatric treatment and medical care will help greatly, but even more, a sympathetic and intelligent attitude by the wife can in most cases restore the man to normalcy."

Purely psychological problems of readjustment are likely to be most frequent among inexperienced couples or those who had built up fanciful ideas regarding each other while separated. Letters of servicemen and their wives showed a common tendency toward overidealization. However, after the first flush of reunion, disillusionment sets in. Each may say, "You're not the person I thought I married." And there's truth in that. During separation the average G.I. and his wife both underwent personality changes. This may have been more expected for the men; but husbands (and this includes civilians as well) must adjust to the idea that during the war women also have seen broader horizons, have learned new skills, and have become more independent.

CONFLICT may also ensue when a war-weary husband returns with a desire to be indulged and to shift his responsibilities to his wife. He may forget that she has been going it alone for a long time and is just as eager to shift her problems to him. Creating further tension may be the fact, as Army psychologists point out, that the G.I. husband often comes home "full of resentments of all kinds." In service he always had somebody to gripe with and specific things to gripe at. Back home, the wife may be the most convenient goat.

The returning husband may resent the new friends his wife has made in his absence. As another Army psychiatrist, Captain Herbert Spiegel, said, "It's always a letdown for some of the boys to find out that life went on quite happily for their wives while they were away, and that their absence wasn't too terrible a calamity." Anyway, the thoughtful wife won't force her new friends on her husband—not, at least, until he gets used to them.

The G.I. wife may have a problem too, that of adjusting to her husband's new buddies, for some strange friendships were formed in foxholes! And most returning servicemen will have a craving for male companionship. The intimate banding together of men for long periods under arduous conditions, and their great dependence on each other, has left many with a feeling of closeness to other men which, for a while, may conflict with or outweigh their feeling for women, even for a wife. Overjealous wives will invite marital clashes if they don't understand, or try to thwart the desires of veterans to "get out with the boys" or to have their buddies as frequent guests.

Making the home a more desirable place in the postwar years is a special challenge to women. Not only does this apply where husbands were in service, but also where, among vast numbers of civilians (especially if the wife was in war work), the practice of eating out, going out, and being away from home was indulged in as never before. (As Sociologist David Hinshaw comments, "Keep-

ing women in the home following this war may prove as difficult as keeping the boys down on the farm after they'd seen Paree in World War I.")

An added problem for many reunited couples is finding a suitable place to live. Living in furnished rooms or with in-laws is no help to most marriages. And anything that helps relieve the housing shortage will be at least one positive step toward combating divorce.

Family dislocations during or after a war always contribute to marital breaks, and there's been plenty of this, since from four to five million American families have moved to new locations. Many are returning to former homes, but new dislocations are expected. Almost a third of the men in service expressed the desire or intention to shift to a different community. Dissension may develop if the wife doesn't want to move—or if it was she who moved during her husband's absence. Where marriages have any threat of instability, couples should think carefully about making radical shifts. Especially in the period following a serviceman's return it may be advisable to stay put for a while, close to families, old friends, and familiar scenes.

CHILDREN will usually tend to cement marriage bonds, but in some wartime marriages it may work the opposite way. Psychologists warn that where a child was born in the father's absence, or where a father hadn't seen very young children for a number of years, there may be strains when he returns. You may have seen pictures of a young child looking blankly at a returning father, with a "Who's that man?" expression. Likewise, many men are reported as feeling that a baby born while they were away was the "wife's baby." For example, Dr. Luther A. Woodward of the Division of Rehabilitation, reported at a recent conference that many young fathers so resented the cries of their babies whom they hadn't seen before, that they were taking rooms away from home. Much tact often is necessary to bring father and children together and to smooth out one-sided attachments to the mother. If it isn't done, there's danger not only to the marital relationship but to the future adjustment of the children themselves.

Prosperity is another factor that will increase divorce. In the boom years of the '20s the divorce rate rose sharply; with the depression in the early '30s the rate slumped; and with returning prosperity a new rise began which was halted during the war only because so many men were away. But the prevailing notion that prosperity loosens family ties, whereas poverty and trouble hold families together, is wrong. Actually, the poor have as many marital difficulties as the rich. It is only the high cost of legal actions that keeps their divorce rate down. However, with more income, many individuals are now "buying" divorces which they couldn't afford before.

All of this doesn't necessarily prove that our marriages are so much more unhappy than they were, even with our divorce rate four times what it was fifty years ago, thus making it the highest in the world. It might only mean that with higher incomes, growing independence for women, smaller families, and lessening of the stigma attached to divorce, it is easier for dissatisfied couples to break their marriages. This isn't to argue that a high divorce rate should cause us no concern. For those who believe that a strong nation must rest on stable families and happy marriages, there is indeed good reason for being alarmed over the present situation. But it is well to understand that prevention lies less in trying to clamp down on divorces after rifts already have developed, than it does in reducing the causes of marital unhappiness which lead to them.

MOREOVER, we can easily exaggerate the gravity of the postwar situation if we think only of the marriages that are breaking up and of the sensational cases that make the headlines. We might think also of the far greater number of other marriages that have succeeded, and of the young people whose marriages did begin with doubt but have ended with conviction.

There comes to mind one case in particular, of a young bride who said tearfully, when her husband left for overseas duty a few years ago:

"I don't think our marriage is going to last."

Why, then, had she gotten married?

"He wanted to, so much," she said. "He was going away, and he might get killed. I thought this was the least I could do."

But she was aglow with excitement at the prospect of her husband's return.

"Something strange happened," she explained. "When we began writing to each other, I found myself falling in love by mail. We just hadn't had time to get acquainted before."

Perhaps that's been the chief fault with many couples. If they can really *get acquainted*, our divorce rate may be kept far below what it threatens to be.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A little boy electrified his Sunday-school teacher by his reply to her question, "Who was the first man?"

"George Washington," answered the youngster.

"No. Adam was the first man," corrected his teacher.

"If you bring in foreigners, perhaps he was," conceded the boy.

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PAUL HUNTER
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WARFARE ON THE HOME FRONT

SEVERAL of our more militant labor leaders, who should know whereof they speak, have proclaimed on occasion that a strike is like a war. The objective is to win, and, as in warfare, any and all methods which contribute to that end are justified. Quite often both sides in a labor dispute feel and act in accordance with this concept. We must, therefore, come to regard strikes—as through sorrow and suffering—we have been brought to regard wars—as final steps to be taken only when exhaustive diplomacy, negotiations, and honorable conciliation have failed.

A nation with just claims which must go to war to achieve them has failed diplomatically and its leaders are failures. By the same token, the union which must wage industrial warfare to achieve just and reasonable objectives needs leaders more adept at persuasive reasoning than at belligerent name-calling.

In concert with most other nations, we now are determined to prevent war and to make resort to this ultimate argument not only unnecessary but unthinkable. Sooner or later we must learn to do the same with the lesser industrial wars which we call strikes. Just as nobody wants war, so nobody wants strikes. Why, then, do we have them? Is the settling of hours, wages, and working conditions of men beyond our reasoning powers at the council table? It would be ludicrous to suppose that this is so. After a time, reason always is called upon to settle a strike anyhow. It might better be enlisted in the first place.

There are hundreds of labor leaders in the country who never have to call a strike because they are able negotiators and reasonable men. Collective bargaining without fanfare, headlines, or anybody suffering goes on constantly between such as these and employers. They have learned to regard the strike as the ultimate weapon, to be used only as a last and final resort, and not as a blunderbuss to be blasted in all directions even before reasonable discussion has started.

Nobody gains by war, international or industrial. It is costly to victor and vanquished alike. We hope to eliminate international warfare by making it more difficult to start and by providing means for the peaceful settlement of what war is supposed to settle. We must find means of handling industrial warfare in the same way. The President's idea of delaying major strikes until fact-finding bodies have had a chance to seek out the truth on which peaceful settlements can be based is a step in this direction. If warfare can be delayed until the truth comes out, perhaps it then can be avoided. Whether this plan works remains to be seen. But of this we can be sure: if it doesn't, some other idea with the same objective will have to be adopted. We cannot fritter away our golden months of opportunity in senseless warfare among ourselves.

Paul Hunter